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HISTORY OF BATTERY E

323rd
Field Artillery





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History of Battery E

323rd Field Artillery

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE ACTIVITIES OF THIS
ORGANIZATION DURING THE WAR WITH
GERMANY, WRITTEN, COMPILED AND
EDITED BY ERNST G. WIDEMAN,
SHERLOCK A. HERRICK AND
CARL A. SHEM



PRESS OF
THE WARD AND SHAW COMPANY
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Dedicated to

JOSEPH D. REESE

*In recognition of his ability as an Officer,
his steadfastness as a Comrade and
his integrity as a Gentleman.*

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FOREWORD

History, we oftentimes think, is a dry subject. So it is when it deals merely with dates, births and deaths. But when it tells of living men and their hopes, what they think, how they talk, with whom they associate and what they achieve, it becomes a study which finds sympathy in the hearts of all of us; for do we not also hope, think, act and achieve?

Truly, man is an emotional creature. When a common cause brings men together; when united endeavor knits them into an organization; when daily association produces a change in the lives of all of them; then it is that a new feeling arises—one of mutual sympathy, sacrifice, joy and achievement. This spirit, existing only when a number of human beings live together, is called "comradeship." It is the "milk of human kindness" which sustains men in the hour when difficulties are to be overcome and when the desires of the individual must give way to the demands of unselfish service.

The Great War has lasted almost three years and the advances of the Huns on land and their ruthless submarine warfare on sea had well nigh exhausted the man-power and resources of the Entente allies. After repeated insults and broken promises on the part of Germany to the United States, Congress passed an act declaring that a state of war existed between the United States and Germany. This act was passed on April 16th, 1917, and another war was added to the list of conflicts in American History which were begun in the month of April.

President Wilson and Congress deemed conscription the most democratic method of raising an army and so, on the 18th day of May, 1917, the Selective Service Law was passed, making it compulsory for all male persons in the United States between the ages of 21 and 30, inclusive, to register for military service. June 5th was the great registration day and on that date approximately 9,500,000 young men were placed upon the military list. The order of call into service was determined by lot after a system devised by Judge Advocate General Crowder and was based upon the serial number of the individual. There was intense anxiety among the crowds about the bulletin boards of the various newspapers as list after list of the numbers were posted giving the results of the great lottery held in Washington. Later another law was passed requiring the registration of males between the ages of 18 and 45 who had not previously registered.

In September, 1917, the first quota was called into service and on September 5th left for training camps. Subsequently the Questionnaire was brought into existence and the registered men were classified into five groups, according to their condition as to dependents, occupation or religious beliefs. Thousands of men were placed in deferred classes because of their having dependent families or because they were engaged in occupations essential

to the success of the war or because they belonged to religious sects having "conscientious objections" against war. From time to time quotas were levied upon the States and soon a vast army was in training camps preparing to cross the Atlantic and battle with the Hun on European battlefields.

The conscripted men formed what was then called the "National Army" which was unique in the military history of America and possibly of the world. Men from every class of society, from every profession, trade and business known to modern life were brought together and trained into organizations which later on rendered distinguished and invaluable service among the allied armies. The parallel of such an army is not to be found in the annals of any other age and its successes were due, no doubt, to the character of the men—their ambition and versatility—and the democratic spirit which bound them together in a common cause.

It is concerning a group of these men that this History is written. Treatment of the military and tactical significance of their endeavors will be left to persons more skillful and competent than the author but it is his aim and endeavor to present in as accurate and complete a manner as possible the daily life, actions and thoughts of the individuals comprising the organization which is the subject of this work, rather than treating them as parts of a military machine. The writer has received his information partly from his own experiences, partly from his observation of his comrades and in part from data furnished by various members of the Battery. Much of the information will have historical value but most of it will treat of the daily life of human beings and thus it is hoped, be of Human Interest.

HONOR ROLL

JOSEPH J. DONAHUE, Distinguished Service Cross

JOSEPH E. HAGEMANN, Croix de Guerre.

JOHN W. EVANS, Croix de Guerre

Three men in Battery E received decorations for bravery in action. They are Joseph J. Donahue who received a D. S. C., the only one received by any one in the entire regiment. Joseph E. Hagemann and John W. Evans each of whom were awarded a Croix de Guerre—the only French decorations received by members of the Battery.

Battery E is proud of her Honor men. The official citations are here given.

Headquarters Thirty-Second Division.

American Expeditionary Forces.

April 7, 1919.

General Orders.

No. 28.

1. The Commander-in-chief, in the name of the President of the United States, having awarded the Distinguished Service Cross to officers and enlisted men of the 32d Division for acts of gallantry and extraordinary heroism as set forth after their names, the following list of awards is announced, in addition to the lists announced in previous orders:

Private First Class—Joe J. Donahue

Battery E, 323rd Field Artillery.

“For extraordinary heroism in action near Bois de Consenvoye, France 24 Oct. '18.

“Venturing over a road, when three other runners had failed, Private Donahue carried a most important message over an area which was subjected to the fiercest kind of shelling. He chose this route to expedite the delivery, even though it was possible to make the journey by a longer but less dangerous route. He completed his mission despite two severe wounds he received on the way.”

By command of Major General Lassiter,

R. M. Beck, Jr., Colonel General Staff,

Chief of Staff.

Official.

(Seal)

Edward D. Arnold,
Major A. G. D., U. S. A.,
Division Adjutant.
17° Corps d'Armee, Artillerie.

ORDRE DE LA BRIGADE.

Le General Gascoin, Commandant l'artillerie du 17° Corps d'Armee cite
a l'ordre de la Brigade

J. E. HAGEMANN.

bardements, des positions de l'infanterie dans le Bois de la Grande Montagne,
"fait preuve de bravoure, en reperant avec precision sous de violents bom-
renseignements, qui transmis a l'artillerie permirent a celle-ci de fournir a
l'infanterie un appui efficace.

Le 31 Octobre 1918.
Le General Gascoin, Commandant
l'Artillerie du 17° Corps d'Armee
(seal) Gascoin.

17° Corps d'Armee, Artillerie.

ORDRE DE LA BRIGADE.

Le General Gascoin, Commandant l'artillerie du 17° Corps d'Armee cite
a l'ordre de la Brigade

Soldat de 1ere classe JOHN W. EVANS

"fait preuve d'une bravoure exceptionnelle en maintenant sous un violent
bombardement des lignes telephonique outre le P. C. du groupe et le P. C. du
115° R. I. au Bois de Consenvoye 22 Octobre 1918.

Le 31 Octobre 1918.

Le General Gascoin, Commandant
l'Artillerie du 17° Corps d'Armee
(seal) Gascoin.

CHAPTER ONE

LIFE AT CAMP SHERMAN, OHIO

September 7, 1917, to June 2, 1918

Evolution is the one word which describes precisely the growth of "Fighting Battery E" in regards to both quantity and quality. When one delves into the records of its beginnings some strange and interesting facts come to light. For example, the first entry in the Morning Reports for September, 1917, under date of the 7th records that there were present nine officers and one enlisted man (and he was a corporal!) Corporal Tyndall who was assigned to the Battery on September 6th.

Captain Sherlock A. Herrick was the first Battery Commander. Every one who has even seen Capt. Herrick cannot forget him: tall, erect in carriage, precise in manners, military courtesy and dress. "When Herrick was B. C." is a common phrase the men employ in placing events.

However, as soon as the Draft Law began to operate, the Battery was not long in growing to respectable size. Corporal George W. Bender was assigned to the Battery on September 7th and the following day Sergeants Edward B. Perry, E. A. Carrington and Corporal Lewis Grubbs came to the organization from the regular army. The first recruits came from Battery B on September 9th. These recruits, ten in number, were William S. Bissell, Alfred H. Wilson, Delbert E. Koah, Howard J. Couch, Floyd D. Alcorn, Charles A. Geer, Alvin J. Shelar, James D. Dowdell, John Cowan and Edward C. Freed. It was the privilege of these original recruits to see the later recruits come to Camp in their "civies" and to assist in transforming them into soldiers. Koah, Alcorn, Shelar, Dowdell and Freed are now sergeants; Wilson is a corporal, Couch is a cook (he also counts the prunes and waits for that shell to explode), while Geer is a lieutenant in the Infantry. Sergeant Perry was the first "top sergeant."

The site upon which Camp Sherman was built was prior to that time farm land situated among the hills of Ross county. Nearly the entire camp was bounded by hills; the scenery was beautiful but there being scarcely any trees, the sun seemed unmercifully hot in summer and the cold winter blasts had a clear sweep to their victims. Mount Logan, which lay to the east, was picturesque indeed as it rose majestically above the other hills. On its summit there was a small peak which resembled a citadel guarding the approach to a fortress.

A few days after recruits arrived at the Camp, they were vaccinated and inoculated against small-pox and typhoid fever. It required three treatments to complete the inoculation—each given a week apart. There were many headaches, sore arms and shoulders in the camp after the "shots" were taken. But there was one pleasure the men derived from it and that was to yell at the new men as they arrived in camp, "wait 'till you get that shot." There was anxiety and dread in the mind of the raw recruit until after his inoculation was completed and then he joined the crowd that struck terror in the hearts of the new arrivals.

The first large assignment of recruits occurred on September 20th, when 127 recruits arrived from Division No. 1, Beaver County, Pennsylvania. Most of these men are with the Battery at the present time. With their arrival train-

ing was begun in earnest. The first men in camp were used as farm hands to harvest the crops. Under the tread of marching feet the ground soon became packed and when spring arrived the Camp had splendid drill grounds.

Not being accustomed to military life, the men began to get home-sick soon after coming to Camp and a new pastime called "Going over the hill" came into vogue and instantly became immensely popular. A regular league was formed composed of all organizations in the Camp and Battery E, not to be outdone by any other, furnished a very successful team. Of course the B. C. didn't say very nice things when the men would come back from their foreign tours but many were afterwards rewarded for their deeds by being promoted to corporals, for it isn't everyone who can steal home without being put out. And then again, it takes a daring man to be a corporal.

The sanitary regulations prescribed bathing as a part of the soldier's routine. But occasionally a man was found who didn't believe in regulations or bathing either, and the other members of the Battery ceased using "moral force" and resorted to physical force. On one occasion a "squad to enforce bathing" drilled with soap and brushed upon a certain member of the Battery and for good measure annointed him with lilac toilet water. Ever after the cleansed member was called "Lilac."

The first winter, 1917, was extremely severe. According to records the cold was more intense than it had been for nearly sixty years previous. Many men suffered from frozen hands, feet or noses. As the windows had to be kept open at night, it was not uncommon for a man to wake up in the morning and find his bed covered with snow. It tested a man's endurance also to go to the stables and perform duties on those bitter-cold mornings.

Guard duty was one of the things the soldiers disliked. A formal guard mount would be held and a guard placed on duty for twenty-four hours—"Two hours on and four off." The monotony was somewhat relieved whenever Lieutenant Davis was Officer-of-the-Day for Davis always enjoyed testing the guards as to the General Orders and trying to catch them either asleep or off their posts. The lieutenant's favorite expression was "hell's bells" which he always delivered with a shrill shriek. The men often made mistakes purposely to see Davis wave his arms wildly, jump about a foot in the air and yell out his pet phrase. On one occasion, when Murphy was walking post, Davis approached and propounded this question: "Murphy, what would you do if you saw a submarine coming up the street?" to which Murphy at once replied, "Sir, I'd stop drinking." It was such a good one that Davis often told it on himself.

But camp life was not all hardships. The folks back home remembered their boys at camp and would send large boxes filled with cake, candy, oranges and other "goodies." The arrival of such a box was always made the occasion of a jolly feast and a great deal of comradeship was displayed by the men in dividing up their treasure among all the men of the Battery. If any man would attempt to hide his box, the others would invariably succeed in finding it and enjoy a good feed—notwithstanding.

There were large canteens situated throughout the camp where one could buy almost anything he desired. The restaurants located in the rear of the canteens were very popular with the men. If the meals at the Battery were a little short, then one could, by resorting to the canteen (and high prices) obtain the required amount of "filling." Koah and Couch were the first battery cooks and the older men in the organization often recall the first meals served at the mess-hall. Koah is now the Mess Sergeant and Couch is still alive notwithstanding the fact that he sometimes eats his own cooking.



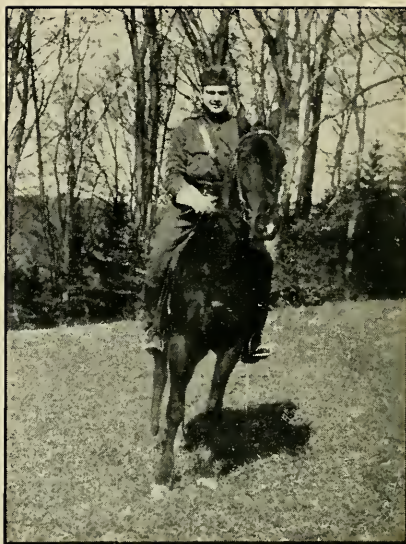
BARRACKS AT CAMP SHERMAN



ARTILLERY RANGE AT STONEY CREEK



MAJOR M. J. FIBICH



CAPTAIN SHERLOCK A. HERRICK



CAPTAIN PHILIP B. HASBROUCK



CAPTAIN H. A. MIDDLETON

The Liberty Theatre, K. of C. and Y. M. C. A. huts and the Community House provided places of amusement and recreation. The Community House was patronized generously by visitors staying at the Camp overnight and provided the best place for holding dances.

Passes to go home were granted at frequent intervals throughout the stay at Sherman. The M. P.'s at Chillicothe were extremely skeptical and often inquired into one's private affairs and insisted on seeing the genuine article. Corporal Marquette enjoys the distinction of obtaining the longest pass ever granted in the Battery. Due to an oversight on the part of the Battery Clerk, the date when the pass took effect was the only one which appeared on the pass. The date of termination was omitted. The corporal, however, being an honorable soldier, did not insist upon a literal interpretation of the writing but returned to camp at the agreed time. There was maintained by the Battery Commander for the purpose of punishment, a "Black List" containing the names of men guilty of breach of discipline or failure to pass Saturday morning inspections. These men were denied passes for the period called for on the list. Naturally the black list was a powerful agent in preserving the morale of the men.

It was several months after the cantonment opened before enough clothing arrived to equip every man with a complete uniform. During the first fall and winter of training, whenever passes were issued, there was a lot of hustling on the part of the lucky ones to borrow enough spare parts of clothing from comrades so that the trip home could be made in a respectable manner. When the hero would arrive at home and the fond parents remark, "How well you look in your fine uniform," it was lots of fun to say, "I had to borrow most of it; the blouse belongs to so-and-so, the breeches to someone else, the leggings to another and so on, until it developed that about all the warrior owned was the hat or shoe laces. As soon as the factories began to turn out their full production this condition was gradually remedied and everyone was fully equipped. However, during the entire war, it was only by good luck that one ever received blouse and breeches that matched. There were more shades of "olive drab" than there are teeth in a fine-tooth comb.

There was an order which most of the men joined during their training, Kitchen Police, commonly called K. P., knights of the dish rag and mop. To balance the long hours and hard work involved in peeling potatoes, scrubbing floors and the like, the men always made it a practice to eat as much and as often as they could during the day of K. P. duty.

After some training the men became fairly proficient as soldiers and Battery E acquired an excellent reputation. They became noted as good soldiers and horsemen. Other organizations dubbed the Battery, "Herrick's Indians." On the artillery range, on the drill field and on the night marches the "Indians" took pride in doing their best. There being a number of good athletes in the organization, a foot ball team was formed early in the Battery's history. Captain Herrick took the team to various towns and the "Indians" always proved themselves to be invincible.

The breaking and training of "bad" horses was the Battery's specialty. Lieutenant Amidon gave riding instructions and no horse, save one, ever sent to the Battery proved too difficult for the men to ride. On one occasion, when the Battery was returning from mounted drill, the horse Corporal Hare was riding suddenly bucked and threw its rider from the saddle. The corporal, although his name is Hare, is nearly bald-headed and in falling to the ground struck squarely upon the top of his head and remained standing on his head, his arms outstretched, for several seconds.

Lieutenant Amidon was one of the most popular officers with the men. He was rather short but of strong build and came to the artillery from the calvary branch of service. He mingled with the men most of the time outside of drill hours and participated in the pastimes they enjoyed. He used to "borrow" motorcycles and take wild rides over the roads surrounding the camp. On one occasion, while taking the men out on mounted drill, he decided to take them through a cemetery. The horses in the lead became frightened for some cause or other and started to gallop; the remaining horses followed the example and soon there was a mad rush of horses through underbrush and over graves. Several tomb-stones were overturned and not all the riders retained their seats. Even now the incident is frequently recalled by some of the men who participated in the "grave-yard ride."

Sergeant Perry was succeeded as first sergeant by Charles Geer, who previously was the Supply Sergeant. Alcorn was then made Supply Sergeant. Geer habitually slept "full pack," that is, with all his clothes on with the exception of his shoes. To make it easier to dress, he wore boots instead of shoes. As soon as "first call" would sound in the morning, Geer would blow his whistle as he was slipping into his boots and would be ready for formation several minutes before the other men could dress, and would stand outside yelling for the men to "shake it up." The men named the boots "Geer's Reveille Boots." Finally, after affairs had continued in this way for several days and became unbearable, one evening after Geer had retired, one of the men took the famous or rather infamous boots and hid them. The next morning when the call sounded, Geer blew the whistle loudly as he got up, but when he started to slip on the boots he couldn't find them; he searched for them in vain and as a consequence missed the formation altogether and had to report to the Battery Commander for missing Reveille. It's impossible to get ahead of a bunch of men when they "get their heads together."

Captain Herrick was transferred to another organization in May, 1918, and Captain Herman N. Archer became the Battery Commander. Captain Archer was a regular army man, having spent over twenty years in the service. His service bar extended half way across his chest. He came to the battery about the time that the division was preparing to start for France and the Battery was brought up to full strength by the transfer of men from Camp Taylor, Kentucky, and the Depot Brigade of Camp Sherman.

It was a busy time around "R" section when word was received to prepare for going over-seas. All sorts of inspections were held, clothing issued, horses and material turned in and boxes packed and marked. The last equipment inspection was held on Saturday, June 1st, out on the drill field. There was a high wind blowing and as the ground was very dry, a regular sand-storm ensued, covering the equipment with bushels of dirt. It took several hours for the inspection and the men have never forgotten that last inspection with its sand-storm. Saturday evening the bed ticks were emptied and the men slept "full pack" preparatory to leaving the next morning.

When Sunday morning arrived, the barrack bags and boxes of equipment were loaded on the train and shortly after 10 o'clock the second Battalion, composed of D, E and F Batteries and Battalion Headquarters boarded the train headed for the East. We did not know definitely where we were going, as our officers were acting under sealed traveling orders. The men were anxious to get into active fighting over-seas and hopes were high when the train pulled out of Camp Sherman station about 12 o'clock noon. Many mothers, fathers, sisters, wives and sweethearts were there to bid the boys good-bye.

So ended the long months of training at Sherman. Behind lay the days of transformation from civilian to soldier, the days of training in depot brigades or other organizations, the days of a hard winter and hard work. In the future lay new and unknown experiences. In the future the lessons learned were to be put into practice and bring victory for a righteous cause. It was with high hopes and expectations that we took a last, long look at Camp Sherman.

CHAPTER TWO

THE JOURNEY BEGUN. CAMP MILLS, L. I.

June 2 to 10, 1918

The entire 83rd Division, National Army, of which we were a part, trained at Camp Sherman. At intervals of two weeks prior to our departure the various regiments of Infantry and Engineers left camp. The trains furnished to transport these organizations to the east were made up entirely of Pullman cars. We had figured that we would receive the same accommodations. Imagine our disappointment, then, when we marched to the train assigned us and found day coaches waiting to carry us to the port of debarkation. The officers, however, rode in Pullmans. It was only natural that we should wonder why we were not as much entitled to comfortable cars as the colored troops who had preceded us. We confess we did a lot of grumbling; but we were not as experienced then in military transportation as we are now. During the days of July and September while we were riding in the "Hommes 40's" in France our minds went back to the good old American day coaches and how we wished we could ride in them once more! Day coaches? Why, we would gladly have traveled in American box cars, flat cars or even coal cars—anything—in exchange for those dinkey, ten-ton baby carriage box cars the French gave us. But to return to the story—

The train on which we left Camp Sherman carried the entire Second Battalion and was in charge of Major Miller. Our route was by way of Columbus, Steubenville, Pittsburgh, Harrisburg, Philadelphia, Trenton, New York City and thence through the Hudson River tubes to Camp Mills located near Garden City, Long Island.

At the various stations we were greeted by large crowds which gathered quickly when they heard that a troop train was coming. All along the route as we passed factories, work was suspended and the employees cheered and waved good-bye. One of the orders issued was to the effect that no soldier on the train should accept any article of food from any person outside the train. At Pittsburgh this order created a peculiar situation. When we arrived there about midnight of June 2nd, we were met by a large delegation of ladies from the Red Cross Society. They brought several large baskets of fruit, some chocolate bars and cigarettes. When we told them that we were not allowed to accept the articles, their disappointment was very keen. One of the ladies told us that they had stayed up late especially to meet our train. We were sorry we couldn't accept the articles—they were sorry that they were denied the privilege of giving it to us. The reason given for the order was that the military authorities were afraid someone would poison the troops. A few of the men on the train accepted some bananas at Pittsburgh, thinking that they would take a chance on the Red Cross poisoning them, and ate them. They are all alive at the present time. This incident contrasts sharply with an event which occurred later on in our travels.

Eventually, after passing through Ohio, a small strip of West Virginia, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and New York, we arrived at our destination, Camp Mills, the camp of tents, about 5 o'clock in the afternoon of June 3rd. We were disappointed with the camp—it was entirely different from what we had anticipated. Instead of barracks as at Sherman, we slept in large tents. The sanitation was very poor and far below the standard of Sherman. Shower baths had to be taken practically in the open and there was no hot water. There being no mess halls, we trained for the future by sitting on the ground while we ate our meals.

Passes to New York City were issued during our stay here and many of the men availed themselves of the privilege. It was at this time that the enemy submarines were operating off the New Jersey coast and, of course, that furnished a topic for discussion. There was also an eclipse of the sun during our week in the camp.

While here we saw the first real demonstration of aeroplanes training for battle. The Curtiss aeroplane factory and practice fields were located a few hundred yards from our Battery street and the student-pilots were practicing a large part of the time. There was one machine that attracted especial attention—a large Caproni, piloted by an Italian flyer. He always thrilled us by his daring maneuvers. This pilot was later killed when his machine fell during a flight over Camp Mills.

Inspections of all kinds and drill kept us busily engaged during the day-time and at night about our only excitement was walking to Hempstead, located a short distance from Camp, or else we would go over to the Curtiss works and take a shower bath in the rooms provided by the factory, free of charge.

So we marked time awaiting traveling orders. On Sunday our equipment was issued as completely as possible and we expected to move sometime during the night. We stayed up until morning and about 5 o'clock, June 10th, loaded on the train and started for the port. At ten minutes after ten, the same morning, we arrived at the Philadelphia pier. Here the Red Cross ladies served us hot coffee and buns which we appreciated very much. Evidently, poison is never put in coffee or buns! After lining up according to loading lists, we walked up the gang-plank of the vessel assigned to take us across the Atlantic—the “Agapenor.”

CHAPTER THREE

THE GOOD SHIP “AGAPENOR”

June 10 to 28, 1918

It was about 2 o'clock P. M. when we were ordered to go below and the boat left Philadelphia harbor. Great caution was used to keep soldiers off the deck, but one man in E Battery, a sergeant, remained under some canvas and saw the trip toward sea.

The “Agapenor” was an English boat originally used for a cattle transport. This was the first trip as a troop transport. She had been in Philadelphia for eight days coaling, taking on provisions, and having her interior made suitable for troop transporting purposes. Her captain was a grey-haired Englishman who had been in the British navy for many years. He felt the responsibility which was upon him to safely land our regiment on the other side of the Atlantic.

The crew was made up of sailors from various countries. There were English, Irish, Scotch and Chinese. During the trip we were much interested in watching the Chinese at their meals. They always removed their slippers at the table and squatted with their feet either on the bench seat or else on the table and using their long chop sticks, shoveled the rice into their mouths. At the stern of the boat there was a four-inch gun mounted as protection against submarines. The gun crew were young fellows from the navy.

As for ourselves, when we loaded on the boat, each one was given a blue ticket bearing the number of the hammock assigned to him and the letter of the hatchway. When we went to find our hammock we found conditions to be very poor. The hammocks were very close together—so much so in fact that it was almost impossible for a person to turn in them. The mess tables were arranged below the hammocks and on the average, 20 men sat at each table. It was very uncomfortable to have hammocks bumping against one's head during each meal.

But the climax was reached when mess was served. In the morning we usually had rolled oats, half a biscuit, some kind of meat and tea. Dinner consisted usually of beans, potatoes, half a biscuit, perhaps meat and tea. Supper about the same as dinner except more tea. The Englishmen always pronounced tea as "tay" but we didn't like it regardless of what they called it.

All records were smashed one night at supper. Each meal the food was brought into the hold by details from the different tables. There were two stairways leading down into our hold, one used by persons going up on deck and the other used by those coming down into the hold. On this particular night sausage was included in the bill of fare. Two dishes of the meat arrived safely and apparently satisfied the partakers, but when the third dish arrived, as the detail carrying it come down one stairway the diners rushed up the other stairway to get a breath of fresh air. Gas masks would have come in handy right at that time. It was several days before the odor of that sausage entirely disappeared. None of the men in the Battery or even regiment will ever forget the kitchen meat room on the "Agapenor."

There was also a canteen on board operated by members of the crew. Most of the men had no money, but those who did, if they chose to pay high prices and receive poor service, could buy fruit, candy, soft drinks, cigarettes and the like. Tobacco, both chewing and smoking, and cigarettes were scarcely obtainable after the first few days on board.

One man in E Battery paid a dollar for a five cent cut of plug tobacco which another member was fortunate enough to have. One man was observed to be following a major who was smoking a cigar, always keeping at a proper distance however. The longer, or rather the shorter, the major smoked that cigar, the keener became the enlisted man's anticipation of picking up the butt. But the major, when he had finished smoking, not knowing of course the anxious eyes that were glued upon the butt, went to the side of the boat and threw the butt overboard. How unduly are the hopes of men destroyed!

From Philadelphia we sailed along the coast to New York and remained outside the harbor awaiting our convoy. We were escorted by a fleet of submarine chasers and patrol boats, a part of the "mosquito fleet" that rendered such efficient service against the subs. Here we remained for two days. During that time we were becoming acquainted with our new surroundings and duties. Each man was provided with a life preserver and assigned a place in the life boats and rafts. The life belts were kept with us at all times and nearly every day a boat drill was held to prepare us for any emergency which might arise during the voyage. Submarines were the cause of much anxiety

in the minds of both crew and passengers during the summer days of 1918.

We next went to Halifax, arriving there just before noon Sunday, June 16th, and here we remained until Tuesday morning. Our vessel took on coal at this port. Several more transports joined us and under the protection of a cruiser we started for England. The mosquito fleet did not go further than Halifax.

From Halifax to Liverpool, our European destination, was a twelve-day voyage, due to the fact that our course was not straight but zig-zag, a trick which protected us against the watchful sub. Every boat in the fleet of transports was skillfully camouflaged to give false impressions as to her speed, direction of course and type of boat.

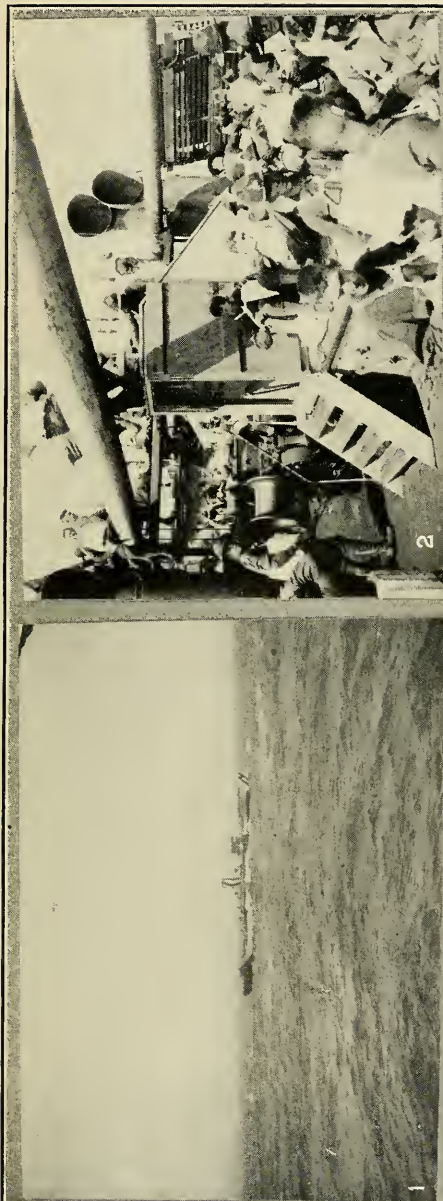
As we were leaving Halifax, Captain Archer assembled the Battery and announced that a twelve-day journey was ahead of us and that, as we were to spend a few days in a rest camp upon our arrival in Europe, passes would be granted to either London or Paris. Only men who knew their "general orders" would be granted passes and so there followed an immediate revival of learning. The "non-coms" had class each day learning "the service of the piece" and A. D. R. The hold of the "Agapenor" resembled a bee-hive for several days with a buzz of recitations filling the air with "general orders," "duties of gunner, No. 1," etc. The peculiarity of the non-com's study was that the 3-inch U. S. piece was dealt with while all of our fighting was to be done with the French 75's. Formation of various kinds, guard duty, police details, filled up a large portion of the day's work.

The weather was ideal during the entire trip; the sun was bright, and the sea calm. Only one night was there any semblance of bad weather and then just a little rain. There was only one exciting incident in the entire trip. One morning the gun of the "Agapenor" fired at an object in the water some distance from the boat, thinking it might be the periscope of a submarine. Almost immediately the guns on two of the other vessels fired at the same object and the cruiser turned and went in search of the "submarine." Upon arriving at the spot the cruiser discovered that an empty barrel floating around in the ocean had been the cause of all the alarm. However, wild reports began to be circulated among the men and soon any number of men could be found who actually saw a periscope. The following morning one man was particularly emphatic in his views. "How far away was that periscope?" another man asked him. "About 2,000 yards" was the reply. "Did the shots come close to hitting it?" "Only missed it by six inches," was the observer's reply.

We had always considered Major Baldwin of the First Battalion a "shark" on sensing shots but even the Major's ability was put in the shade by this newly-found expert.

A wonderful feeling of security came over every man on the ship when two days out from Liverpool, when, on arising, we beheld nine American destroyers, with the Stars and Stripes streaming from their sterns, plowing along beside us to escort us through the danger zone. Uncle Sam was watching out for us, and it was with a most grateful feeling that we watched these little sea wasps dart around us.

The morning of June 28th found us in the River Mersey, a wide, muddy and traffic-choked stream that led to our destination, which was Birkenhead, just across the river from Liverpool. We docked at about noon, and the first long leg of our journey to Germany became a memory.



1—A TRANSPORT IN CONVOY
2—AN AIRING ON THE "AGAPENOR"
3—RATTLE CRUISER IN CHARGE OF CONVOY



CAPTAIN CARL A. SHEM



1ST LIEUT. D. A. GLASCOCK



2ND LIEUT. JOSEPH D. REESE



2ND LIEUT. I. HEYWARD PECK

CHAPTER FOUR

THE ARRIVAL IN EUROPE

June 28th to July 3rd

As we walked down the gang-plank, a boys' band played the "Star Spangled Banner" and the English Anthem. The band attracted considerable attention because of the youth of the players and the enthusiasm they put in the music. We then paraded through the town and were met by good sized crowds on the various streets. Two things impressed us very much. The first was the scarcity of men, except very old or very young men and the second was the lack of teeth among the inhabitants who were present. So extreme was this latter condition that Birkenhead might well be called "the toothless town."

We got our first glimpse of a European train when we arrived at the Birkenhead depot after the parade. The comparison between American and European railroad trains created a lot of amusement. Instead of having a large coach with end doors, these "carriages" as the English call them, are divided crosswise into compartments, each having room enough for six passengers. There were about four compartments in each carriage. Along either side there were two running boards extending the entire length of the car. The carriages were built low and had spoked instead of solid wheels. The locomotives were about as dinky as the carriages and resembled the engines used around the yards of factories in America. But the English trains had speed and that's what we wanted at that time for we were anxious to get to France and get all that "good treatment" we had been told so much about. We won't be fooled so easily the next time—Never! Everyone doesn't ride in the same class of compartments in England. There's not much "class" to any of them but for the sake of sustaining "caste" there are three classes from which to choose. If you want to smoke you must ride third class; if you are a little short of funds ride second class; but if you want to impress people that you are "it" then always ride first class and note the look of envy on the faces of the "common herd."

So we loaded on the train but before it started, each of us received a card enclosed in an envelope. On the outside of the envelope was printed "A Message to you from His Majesty, King George V," and on the card enclosed a short note from George with the English coat of arms embossed at the top of the sheet. George told us that he was glad we were "over there" to help him out and we didn't doubt his word in the least.

We were soon on our way to a rest camp and we wondered how many of us were going to get those "passes to London" that "Pop" Archer had promised us. The scenery along the route was wonderful. The weather was ideal and the lawns looked like mammoth sheets of green velvet spread about the manors that skirted the railroad. The villages were small and close together but we also passed through several cities. The estates were interesting to us. There was the large manor house where lived the Lord of the estate—then around it a regular village laid out in streets but the houses were all of the same style, in these the tenants, merchants and artisans lived. We passed by the ruins of several old castles. They must have been old for they had been built of material that lasts for centuries. There was one ruin in particular that attracted our attention. It was situated on a steep hill, was of very great size and overgrown with vines, recalled the middle ages and no doubt it was the scene of many banquets, sports and perhaps conflicts.

At the stations through which we passed, we were met by ladies of the English Red Cross who gave us refreshments of various sorts. We must have appeared to them like a pack of hungry hounds for we did not wait for ceremonies but proceeded to make up for the time we lost on the "Agapenor." But we could not help contrasting this situation with the Pittsburgh incident. We were denied the things our own Americans had to give us while Europeans were allowed to bid for our good will by acts of hospitality. While we appreciated the thoughtfulness of the English our thoughts went back to the sacrificing, high-minded and noble women we had left on the other side of the sea.

It was midnight when we arrived at Winchester. The night was clear and a full moon made it seem like day. At Winall Downs we marched on to the camp through the town which was darkened as a precaution against air raids. About two o'clock in the morning, June 29th, we got to the camp and were assigned to barracks. Before we turned in we enjoyed a good meal which was provided for us at the mess-hall.

Our stay at Winchester was pleasant and was often recalled with longings during the remainder of our experiences in Europe. The food was very good and there was plenty of it. No one went hungry while we were there. Some of the soldiers in charge of the mess told us "the closer to the front you get the better eats you will have" but they undoubtedly were trying to keep up our spirits as we found the very opposite to be the case.

There were no regular formations while we rested at Winchester and we could go about the camp very much as we pleased. On Sunday Captain Archer took as many of the men as wanted to go on a hike to the town and saw the famous college and cathedral as well as the many other places of interest in this old town of England which bore traces of the Norman conquest. The men who took the trip will always remember the sights and even now they appreciate the privilege which they perhaps will never have again, of actually seeing the places so prominent and rich in historical values.

The English money system was a "stunner" to the few men who were fortunate enough to have any money. The pence, shilling and pound (not many needed to worry about the pound) was confusing. A feature of the exchange that struck us as strange was the fact that American paper money had a higher exchange value than American gold or silver.

We had a good chance to study the English "Tommy" for there were hundreds of them around the camp all the time. There were some who were home on a furlough and a great many more had been invalided home. Tommy didn't take very kindly to the American soldier but there was not much love lost on either side. The English used to laugh at Americans for having toothbrushes and keeping their teeth clean, but now the laugh is on the other side for the toothless Englishmen commented upon the wonderful teeth that our boys had.

The Englishman did not have a keen sense of humor and jokes that we laughed at they considered "stupid." Ask one of them how far it is to so-and-so and he will answer, "Oh, thirty minutes" or " 'alf a day" and you can draw your own conclusions as to whether he means afoot, on horseback or by train. They are not as nervously active as we are so 'alf a day doesn't make much difference to them. Their manner of speech is peculiar; they give a broad sound to the vowels and no matter what they say, it is always with a rising inflection—sounds as if they start at the top of one hill, slide down quickly into the hollow and up to the top of a still higher hill.

During our short stay in England we encountered the twilight, to us a very curious phenomenon. It was about eleven o'clock at night before daylight faded into dusk and then the twilight lingered until about two o'clock in the morning when darkness came and then it was dawn at about three o'clock. No need for the daylight saving law over here. But we were glad that it was summer with the long days instead of winter with the long nights.

On Monday, July 1st, we prepared to leave Winall Downs and early in the morning marched to the train enroute to Southampton, where we arrived shortly before noon. Male help was so scarce in this city that old women were sweeping the streets. We spent the afternoon resting at the pier. Close by stood a heavy caliber camouflaged gun which had been struck at the muzzle. The explosion was so great that the steel was curled back like the petals of a flower.

Toward evening we loaded on a channel boat, the "Antrim," and shortly before dark started for the English channel. This was an extremely dangerous strip of water infested with mines and the enemy's submarines. When we reached the channel proper it was pitch dark and with all lights out the swift channel boat started to zig-zag toward the coast of France. Life preservers were worn by everyone on board and we slept wherever we could find room. The boat was small and very crowded.

Shortly after dawn we reached the port of La Havre and lost little time in unloading. Our trip across the water was ended—we had dodged the watchful enemy and rejoiced that we were safe in France.

CHAPTER FIVE

SAFE IN FRANCE

July 3 to August 17, 1918

As soon as we had unloaded at La Havre we started on a parade through the town enroute to South Camp where we were to rest for twenty-four hours.

This was our first glimpse of the French people and we were unable to make friends with them immediately because of our inability to speak their language. Throughout the town there were placards in the windows of many shops with the words "English Spoken" printed in large letters. We finally arrived at our destination after a hard walk over steep hills.

The camp was equipped with tents similar to Camp Mills although gangs of German prisoners were building frame and cement barracks. Our meals consisted entirely of cold canned goods. We were glad to rest and clean up once more. A wind storm swept the camp that day and everyone received two eyesful of dust to say nothing of the great quantities that settled in the lather on the faces of the men who tried to shave out-of-doors. Razor blades were ruined by the dozen and vocabularies freely aired. The next day, after an equipment inspection we hiked back to the town to our train.

What a train that was! Our first, but alas not our last, encounter with the French "Hommes 40—Cheveaux 8," so-called because that was the sign on the side of the cars. In English it would be "40 men—8 horses." In the afternoon we loaded full capacity. The officers rode in the carriages but were about as uncomfortable as the men.

So we spent the glorious 4th riding on the "glorious" railroad in glorious France. The scenery was fairly pretty but we would gladly have ended our European tour right then and there.

After spending a night and part of two days on the train we arrived about 5:30 P. M. at a little town named Maure and pitched our shelter halves for the night. Bright and early the next morning we rolled out to continue on to our billeting area. The first battalion and headquarters remained at Maure. Lieutenants Reese and Davis went to orientation school at Camp Coetquidan; Chief Mechanic Irwin was sent to material school; Sergeant Young, Corporals Gilmore and Garrett to telephone school; Corporals Roll and Marquette to radio school, likewise located at Camp Coetquidan. Captain Archer made Marquis a corporal that morning so that he might qualify for the school.

It was a mighty hot morning. The roads were dusty and the men were nearly exhausted before we arrived at Loheac, another small town about five miles east of Maure.

Loheac was once a good sized city, according to the natives—between thirty and forty thousand population. But it had suffered from evaporation like so many other cities in Europe, and had dwindled until there remained only two hundred and fifty people. In appearance it was similar to the hundreds of other hamlets scattered among the hills of France. The houses were of stone and brick. There was a good-sized church—every place over there no matter how small it may be has at least one church. The short and crooked streets were in a filthy condition when we arrived but were built of substantial material, mostly macadam, the foundations being hundreds of years old. There were several chateaux in the immediate vicinity, silent witnesses of the age that had passed.

It was during the Napoleonic wars that Loheac was made the target for artillery fire and was reduced from respectable size to a mere settlement of peasants. The surrounding country had been the stage of an historical drama and the ground over which we marched was not unaccustomed to martial tread.

It was to this place we came and after driving a flock of geese off the grass we threw ourselves down to rest upon the public square or rather triangle, for here five streets intersected, and we waited for billets to be assigned to us.

There were not many houses in the village so the larger part of us were placed in hay mows and after filling our bed ticks with straw proceeded to establish ourselves in our newly found "homes." We stayed there for six weeks. Our officers' quarters were located in the upstairs of a large house, the home of the village doctor who was then a major in the French army.

We lost no time in starting our training and in getting acquainted with our new friends and surroundings. We found the French to be a queer people—simple-minded and easy-going with peculiar customs, devoutly religious but with a language that made Chinese look like child's play. They had no sense of modesty and the acts which we often witnessed are unbelievable to those who have not actually seen them. Sanitation was practically unknown, at least it was not practiced. Piles of manure, rubbish and filth were placed close to dug wells and the seepage rendered the water unfit for human or even animal use. There was only one well in town that was not contaminated. This lack of pure water partly explains why the French drink so much cider and wine—the other reason is because they like it.

The two words that our men learned to say first were "cidre" and "cognac" and they practiced these so much that the English accent almost entirely disappeared. Cognac was a strong drink and as they say in the army "knocked

them a curve." As soon as the inhabitants of Loheac learned that the American soldats were coming to billet there, nearly every house and store was stocked with wines, cidre, cognac, cups, glasses and other "articles of war" necessary to the successful operation of a high-class cafe. About the only place in town that didn't have a bar was the church and they didn't need one there because the members always indulged in one before and after—service. Cidre was universally used—all the farmers having eight or ten large hogsheads of the stuff in reserve. Some of it was almost old enough to vote. Prices were very low when we first arrived but the French soon ceased being sociable and prices began to soar until they were about three times as high when we left as they were when we first arrived. The "frog" has queer ideas about the American people. To him all Americans are millionaires and will pay any price to obtain what they want.

A French store-keeper never expects you to pay what he first asks for an article. They resemble the Jews in that respect. Shopping is always mixed up with visiting and after the price is asked and given the buyer chats about the weather, politics, family affairs and other matters of gossip; then he asks again how much the article is; another and lower price is given; more gossip; more bargaining; still a lower price; more talk. Finally the right price. Sold. Time consumed about two hours—amount saved about ten cents. Wonderful bargain!

But this is the way the American soldier usually bought. Enters store, picks up article. "Combien?" "Deux Francs" (about three prices). Sold. That's American "pep" and also the reason why we are all considered millionaires.

Our training schedule was rather strenuous. First call, five-thirty—Reveille, five forty-five—Policing up a half hour. Mess. More policing up; formation at seven-thirty—the real beginning of the day's work; road hike and drill until eleven-thirty. Mess. Drill from one to five-thirty; retreat six o'clock. Mess. End of day's work.

The weather was unmercifully hot and the roads were dry, hot and dusty. There was not much rainfall during our stay here but what little there was usually occurred either Saturday night or Sunday. But it didn't make much difference—one day was the same as the other over there.

During the first part of our stay up until "Spike" Hennessey came we went out on camping trips every Saturday evening, cooked our meals along the road, pitched shelter halves, and did guard duty "the way they did it at the front," at least that's the line of dope they handed us. We were innocent lambs then, but we're different now. Sunday morning after reveille we would have equipment inspection. Anything to get a feller's goat—that's the army. Then we would hike back to town, about two miles, and have the rest of the day to ourselves—maybe.

There was a lot of stress laid upon the importance of guard duty and some of the stories the officers told us showed that they knew as little about actual warfare as we did. So on these Saturday night "excursions" Captain Archer would have a full guard on duty about the camp interior and exterior and then the officers and Sergeant Geer—the top kick—would try to "run the guard." Sometimes they succeeded but the men soon "got wise." On one occasion Archer was trying to "get them" and the guard on post called out the guards, who upon their arrival immediately gave chase to the "enemy." In trying to get away Archer ran through some underbrush and a twig hit him in the eye. The next day after we returned we noticed that the B. C. had a black eye and the truth eventually came out.

Lieutenant Platt also tried his skill at "running the guard." He grabbed Graham who was walking past, and Graham promptly knocked the Lieutenant down. Platt beat a hasty retreat but before leaving asked Graham not to say anything about the affair. No, he didn't!

The B. C. Detail had school for an hour in the morning. Lieutenant Platt was the instructor and taught all about the "service buzzer" (something that we didn't use over there) and the telephone. Sergeant Methemy would then take the Detail out into the country, usually to the chateau north of town, and make panoramic sketches, wig-wag, semaphore, make road sketches and the like to say nothing of all the telephone lines that were stretched and phones installed. The most amusing instrument we had was a range-finder—an instrument designed to give the exact range to any observed point. The blamed thing never gave the range twice alike for the same point. Nevertheless we carried it with us during the entire war and even into Germany. We were thankful to Sergeant Methemy for at least one thing—when he took us to the chateau. Under the fir trees we escaped a lot of drilling and hiking over the hard roads for he allowed us to "gold-brick" as much as we wanted to and that was all the time.

The non-coms attended their school for an hour each afternoon and the officers also had special classes. The theory and practice of artillery warfare was studied—the service of the piece—firing data and the like.

Thus it went on for nearly a month—work, work work—all day long, guard duty at night, and also some drinking. Many of the men drank to excess but the greater number stayed away from the "stuff" and gave little or no trouble. A very small percent of the men were ever in the guard-house, but these few spent most of their time there.

Whenever there was any public announcement to be made to the villagers, an old man, the town crier, would appear on the public triangle and after beating the drum for about five minutes, proceed to read the official order. Ofttimes the audience would consist entirely of a flock of geese or crowds of small children attracted by the noise. However, the order would be read with as much formality and solemnity as if a million people were present. The citizens, however, didn't need to attend for the same order was always read—"No more cognac to American soldats." So the rolling drum was the signal for the cafe keepers to lay in an extra supply of cognac for the order proved to be as good as a saloon advertisement. That night after retreat there would be a grand rush.

Our pay was received at irregular intervals. It was the first week in August before we received our May and June pay. During the entire period of our stay up until the first of the next year we never knew when pay-day would come. This was extremely inconvenient as it was necessary for us to buy most of our food if we wanted to have enough to eat. There was one hotel in the town and as long as our pay lasted, we would get our meals there at a reasonable price. Six eggs, meat, bread, butter, jam and hot chocolate was an ordinary meal in those days. The natives ate very little but made up for it in drinking. They would open their eyes and mouths when the soldier started in on a meal. Evidently they had never seen harvest hands eat.

About the first of August we received our first consignment of horses and our guns, caissons and limbers. The horses seemed to be a herd of "physical unfit" which had been rejected by everybody else and simply wished on us. However, they managed to drag the guns along without falling down, and we realized that horseflesh in France was very scarce. The guns, however,

were little beauties. It was really our first experience with guns, as what little training we had had on the American field piece was rather unsatisfactory, due to the fact that the few available guns had to be passed from one organization to the other. Now, however, we actually had our own guns with which we were to help push the boche back to the Rhine, and the cannoneers pitched in with a will and quickly mastered the new sights and elevating mechanisms, and rapidly became expert gun-crews.

We worked harder than ever with our new acquisitions during the first two weeks of August, which were terrifically hot, but we were learning every day and becoming more ready to meet the enemy. On August 17 we said good-bye to the people with whom we had become quite well acquainted, the good citizens of Loheac, and marched, under full pack, to the Camp de Coetquidan, a distance of some 17 kilometers. Here we were to get our actual firing practice, and get the finishing touches of our military education before going to the front. We expected to stay at Coetquidan only about four weeks, so we felt that we were getting very close to the time when we should demonstrate our ability as a fighting organization.

CHAPTER SIX

THE ARTILLERY RANGE AT CAMP COETQUIDAN

Aug. 17th to Sept. 22nd, 1918.

This chapter might well be entitled "The Three Ring Circus." There was something doing every minute and a grand, free street parade daily. Colonel Spike Hennessey, as ringmaster, usually made use of the officers in the role of clowns, but sometimes the entire regiment was put through a lot of fool stuff. Like all circuses, much of the performance was undoubtedly funny to the spectators (represented by the Colonel and the instruction staff) but it meant a lot of hard work to the performers. It is only after the passing of many months that we can appreciate the full amount of humor of Spike's stunts. Two incidents among many will serve as illustrations:

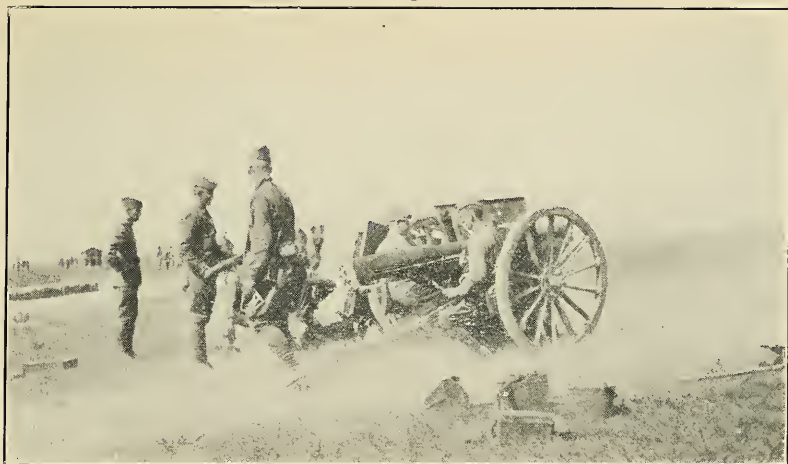
The entire regiment had pitched shelter tents, batteries were parked, and after an inspection of equipment, time was hanging heavily on Spike's hands. So he called the officers of the 2nd Battalion together and issued the following instructions: "When I say 'Go' I want every officer to run to the picket line, saddle his horse without assistance, and then report to me, and God help the last man." Then began a race that gave great joy to the men of the Battalion. In full equipment, boots and spurs, helmets, gas masks, binoculars and pistols, shave tails and captains stumbled and huddled over tent ropes, through high grass, and finally gained the picket lines, and in due time reported to the Colonel, amid the cheers of the enlisted men. Without a doubt lots of men felt that this evened up many an old score.

Possibly the star performance of all occurred during this same week, the last at Coetquidan. Again the regiment was spread out in a shelter tent bivouac on gently rolling ground. Horses were tied to the picket lines on the carriages. Col. Spike on a slight eminence proudly surveyed his pride, the 3-Star hard-boiled outfit. But we were not quite so hard-boiled as the Colonel wished. So we were to be given a little gas drill to stimulate an attack at the Front. First, however, he tried on his own French mask (knowing everything it was unnecessary to ask the gas officer at his side details of its use). For a moment it was exceedingly comfortable. There was no

smothering nose clamp, no sloppy mouthpiece, no perspiration, no fogged eye-pieces, and no distressing headache and benumbed forehead, caused by a tight facepiece. But it wasn't comfortable for long and the Colonel soon found out how long he could hold his breath. Finally, after his neck and the exposed part of his face had turned red and then purple, he madly clawed off the mask and gasped for air.

Lieutenant Atkins politely suggested that if the Colonel would withdraw the breathing cork in the canister, all would be well. It was the psychological moment for the gas alarm. It relieved a lot of pent-up wrath and wounded pride. The Colonel had been gassed, so why not the men and horses too. With the sounding of the alarm, masks were to be put on, then those of the horses were to be adjusted, tents struck, equipment packed and the horses hitched in to move off at the Colonel's command. This program was carried out and the regiment marched for about three-quarters of a mile before the order to remove masks was given. It sounds innocent enough in the telling, but the tortures of the Spanish Inquisition had nothing on the little hell that followed the sounding of the gas alarm. It was a hot afternoon in early September. To those who were not a part of this ill-fated regiment there must have appeared a heavy cloud of blue smoke arising from the masks of these artillerymen who were taxing their large choice vocabularies of strong expletives to the utmost. The punishment of the horses under heavy draft was worse than that of the men, and with their air supply cut off, they soon began to drop in the harness. It was only when the French Mission officer had ventured the information that at the Front men and horses exerted themselves as little as possible with the mask on that the hard-boiling process was discontinued. It might be mentioned that with the French mask working properly the Colonel suffered little of this torture. Here was a man of whom it could be truly said that nature cast but one of his mold. We can be generous and say at least he was a good horseman. We have dwelt at length on this affair because it was one of the outstanding memories of the training period.

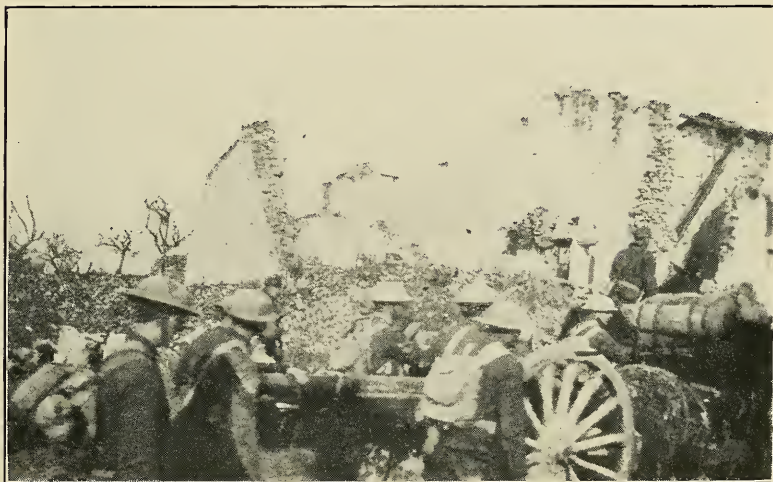
In spite of the opera-bouffe, the five weeks at Coetquidan were filled with busy days and it was a tremendously serious and important time during which we received most of the knowledge and training which fitted us for a combat outfit. Much of the time spent in training in the States was practically lost as we were dealing with methods and material, some of it improvised, some ancient, all different from what we were to use in France. As a result, there was much to unlearn and a great deal more to learn than there should have been. Why there was not greater co-operation between the General Staff and G. H. Q. of the A. E. F. on training schedules is a mystery. It was certainly not the fault of the A. E. F. In the artillery, at least, many training memoranda provided by the A. E. F. were laid aside for the study of such antiquated stuff as the buzzer and the semaphore. But now we were to take up in earnest the "75" and French firing methods with which we had had some experience at Loheac. It is greatly to the credit of the American soldier's intelligence and aptitude that he was able to meet ever changing conditions, new situations and contradictory orders. Like the regiment, E Battery suffered regularly a change of commanders. Soon after arriving at Coetquidan, Capt. Archer gave way to Capt. Hasbrouck. Capt Archer later made a fine record with the ammunition train and Capt. Hasbrouck soon established himself as one of the best of battery commanders. But swapping horses in the middle of the stream is always a bad thing. It put a handicap in our case on both the battery commander and the men, though their high morale carried them through and everyone applied himself with diligence to the task at hand.



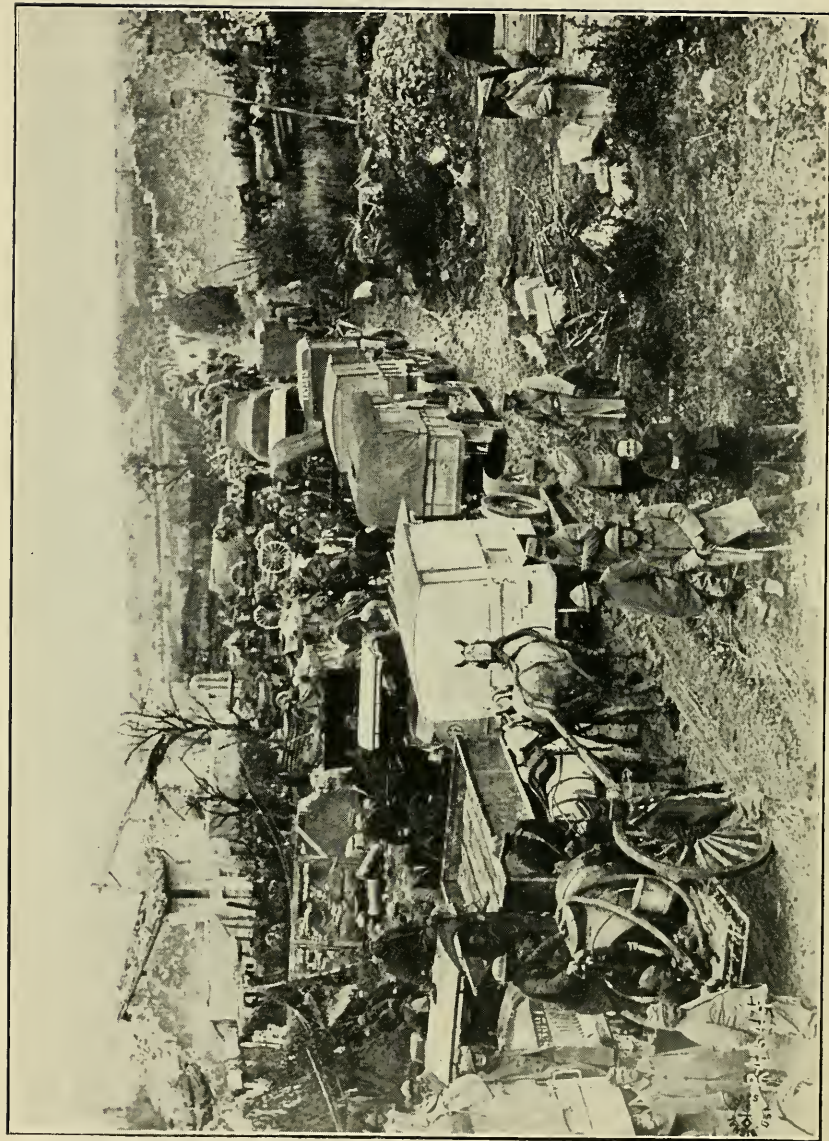
FIRING ON RANGE AT COETQUIDEN



ON THE MARCH THROUGH THE ARGONNE



BATTERY PASSING THROUGH A PART OF VERDUN



AMMUNITION TRAIN PASSING THROUGH ESNES

When a battery was on the day's program for firing, untrained horses must be harnessed in the dark with unfamiliar French harness; telephone lines must be laid, and guns put in position for firing all before 7 o'clock. In the afternoon there were classes for the machine-gunners, telephone and radio men and gun drill, pistol drill, gas mask drill and calisthenics for the rest of the battery. Before supper three times a week the Colonel reviewed the Regiment in the big free street parade. In the evenings there were lectures and classes for officers and after the lecture, problems to be worked out for the morrow by the officers firing. At the end of this five weeks' schedule, the brigade had become such an efficient outfit, trained in the modern fighting of the Western front, that all previous records were surpassed and a mark that later brigades could not attain. Battery E developed some particularly fast and reliable gun-crews and capable specialists who later showed their worth in the Meuse-Argonne. Sergeant Walko brought E Battery into the Colonel's favor by his splendid direct fire work on the moving tank which he stopped with the first shot. Any prejudice which we may have had against the 75 was certainly dispelled by this time and we were ready to swear by that wonderfully simple, fast and reliable mechanism. With the announcement of entraining orders we were "rarin' to go," confident in our new knowledge and experience, though we little appreciated what was ahead of us.

CHAPTER SEVEN

ON THE TRAIL OF THE BOCHE

Sept. 22nd to Nov. 11, 1918.

About 2 o'clock A. M. Sunday, September 22nd, Battery E left Coetquidam on the way to the Front. While there was nothing to herald the beginning of this final leg of the journey to which we had all looked forward for a year, nevertheless all of us felt that it was a great moment. Long ramps at Guer permitted efficient loading of material and horses and by proper detailing of the work the entraining was accomplished with little trouble. The Hommes—40 were not so crowded as when we came into this quaint Brittany training area for we were now fighting men, and therefore of importance. But it would have taken an extraordinary amount of crowding and inconvenience to have lowered the morale of the men for everybody was in fine spirits. At 8 o'clock we moved out and then ensued a two days' journey of interest and speculation on our probable destination.

At Le Mans we saw Major Miller and heard his thrilling account of the St. Mihiel drive. Monday morning saw us near Paris with the Eiffel tower visible in the distance. Most Battery E men never got any nearer Paris. During this first night on the train there was one incident of note. A stop was made to help up a horse that had fallen down, and in so doing Captain Hasbrouck sustained a bad cut which he carried for several months afterward.

After the comparatively poor country in Brittany the rich farming country south of Paris certainly looked good to us and there were many things of real beauty to be seen—vine-clad slopes, walled-in gardens, clean-looking cities, straight rows of tall trees and the beautiful valley of the Seine.

Old Man Rumor, the busiest man in the A. E. F., had his story about the Italian front as our destination discredited when we branched off the line to the south and headed northeast. It was here that we saw a wonderfully

equipped hospital train. No one, however, wished to inspect the accommodations at first hand.

About 3 o'clock A. M. Tuesday, the 24th, we pulled into Revigny. There was no mistaking the air of the zone of action—shaded lights, long ramps, and several outfits detraining at the same time. Here we unloaded and here commenced the first lightening of our baggage which was explained by that handy phrase, "Lost in action." Like every other artillery outfit, we were burdened with many things that had to be gotten rid of under actual traveling conditions at the front. At Revigny we saw the first real signs of the German invasion. There were many buildings destroyed by shell fire, and as we left town we saw a great pile of farm implements hurriedly salvaged before the oncoming horde. As an evidence that the Hun was still reaching this section there were abris or shelters for safety against air attacks and there was that peculiar hum in the air which only can be produced by high-flying planes.

The first march out of Revigny took us about twelve kilometers, and for the first time we saw great numbers of camions driven by Indo-Chinese. We had last seen the brothers of these gentlemen at Coetquidan where their principal occupation seemed to be lunching under large umbrellas and building roads as a sort of side-line. At the first bivouac we saw a few graves with the French tri-colored rosette and some whose markings were German, and here the first black cross planes flew high overhead drawing the fire of the archies.

During the march that night part of the Battery was lost for several kilometers. Camp was made in a woods where care was taken to conceal men and material. It was here that Colonel Hennessey made his memorable speech. The 323rd though without a position to take up, would, because of the fresh condition of its animals, be able to participate in the running offensive when the Boche fell back. It was a wonderfully thrilling picture, but the reality of this tremendously big Argonne offensive was entirely beyond our imaginations, though the 3-star outfit did not quite take the part for which its Colonel had us cast.

Again during the 25th. we rested by day and moved out after dark. There was no questioning the immensity of the drive about to begin. Traffic became heavier. There were many trucks and ambulances on the way back but always an increasing stream going up. We had heard of the strict rules of the road back at Coetquidan but we found that in spite of this there were many traffic tie-ups. On one occasion, near Clermont, E Battery was considerably split up. In order to clear away for the south-bound traffic of ambulances and trucks it was necessary to lift over each carriage against the column of machine guns and E Battery officers were forced to put French staff cars over the clay bank into the ditch. In justice to these officers, however, it may be said that the French cars were lifted out again. Shell bursts lit up the sky and their frequency admitted of no doubt as to the nearness of the Front.

At about 3 o'clock A. M. we pulled into the open field which Colonel Spike had mentioned, full of shell holes and old entanglements, the stakes of which caused some of us to think in the dim starlight that there must be an awful lot of Frenchmen buried here. An ammunition train was immediately sent down over the steep hill through Parois with E Battery caissons in command of Lieutenant Reese. More than one man in going by the railroad guns at Parois just about the time a shell was fired, after settling down on his horse and getting his breath again, concluded that this war busi-

ness was getting pretty serious. It must have been about here that Dome Martin loaded his Colt and said "from now on Dome means business."

The men of this ammunition train had an interesting day. While they were hunting ammunition, the big barrage commenced and our dough boys went over the top beginning the great Meuse-Argonne offensive which was not to let up until November 11th. Words are entirely inadequate to convey a picture of this big operation, so we will attempt to tell only our small part in it. It was about 8 o'clock when the three batteries of the ammunition train finished filling their caissons. By this time we knew that the ammunition was not for our own use and we were accordingly disappointed. About ten minutes after moving out, as we were going down a little valley and passing a French battery of 155's we came under shell fire. Every man who is truthful will admit that he was afraid when he came first under fire, and many times afterward, but real courage means that though your knees are wobbly you still carry on—and in their baptism of fire E Battery carried on. The first burst was one hundred yards away, the second was almost immediately over the center of our Battery. It was an air burst of H. E. and a Frenchman in a column paralleling our own about thirty yards away was knocked off his horse. No matter how they may have felt, E Battery men behaved like veterans. Joe Giglio even scorned to wear his helmet. While the Boche were still putting them over, one of our horses went down, but it did not take us long to get the column moving again. In a short time we were halted near Hill 290, and after much confusion of orders and difficulty in getting through the traffic jam near there we finally passed almost in front of some G. P. F's. and here again we had that sickening sensation of being lifted off your horse when the gun was fired. From here over a make-shift bridge up a hill so steep and rocky that each caisson was its own particular problem, past the first of the wounded dough boys, down over mountain roads with over-turned caissons and dead horses along the way, we finally reached the 322nd to which we delivered our ammunition about noon.

On the return trip we saw a German aviator set on fire two balloons at the same time. The activity in the air was greatly different from what we had seen at the flying fields. This was a hard trip for both men and horses. The artillery horses, many of them in miserable condition on the march to the Front—insufficiently fed and watered, and over-worked, performed nobly until they dropped in harness. Many a time a horse was lifted up bodily only to fall over, too exhausted to stand. They died in action just as truly when finished by a friendly 45 as if at the hands of the enemy. The men in E Battery, like all true artillery men, loved their horses.

The wet night of September 26th saw the Regiment rolled up in their blankets with their guns in position in front of the battery of 155 long rifles near Hill 290. The long whine of the German shells, the boom of the guns, and the too-near burst of H. E. is something that most of us will never forget. It is not too much to say that somebody blundered in bivouacing a regiment of men where the chance for casualties was so great.

On the 27th the Battery moved out through Foret de Hesse where we saw Captain Archer and passed battery after battery of big guns with their tractors, and we thus gained some idea of the wonderful wheel to wheel concentration of artillery that was responsible for the continuous roar of the day before.

It was this morning that Alabama Morgan gamely overtook us when he might with honor have stayed in the hospital. We were again assigned to a phony position left the day before by the 119th Field Artillery and we were

again disappointed. The echelon established about a half kilometer away from the guns soon became known among the dough boys as a place for good eats. It was here that Colonel Hennessey confiscated the ration dump of the 79th Division. There was no question that the 323rd needed it. We were a tramp outfit and almost lost as far as rations were concerned. At this echelon Lieutenant Glascock caught up with the battery. He also deserves great credit for being with the outfit when he should have been in the hospital.

Down at the guns about one kilometer from the almost obliterated town of Esnes there was little excitement except when Colonel McKinley nightly ordered the fires out. From here we could watch the fighting around Montfaucon and the heavy traffic moving in that direction. One evening there was a particularly fine scrap between allied and Boche planes.

The men who went on the ammunition trip of September 29th and 30th remember this as one of the wildest and hardest nights on the Front. The batteries of the Second Battalion were ready to start on time and moved off without those of the First Battalion. Through Avocourt where a Colonel directed traffic, out over treacherous corduroy roads, through inky darkness guided by the friendly pioneers, on and on, endless kilometers around the turn where careful driving was necessary in order not to run over the many wounded and gassed dough boys, then out Montfaucon highway over the tank trap where the 322nd dropped a caisson, then finally after crossing a shell-pitted field we arrived at the position of the 114th Field Artillery. In the hard pulling at the guns through the deep shell holes, mud, and barbed wire, we lost a horse. The trip back was uneventful except that we had even more difficulty in going over the tank trap because the 322nd caissons were drawn up in the way. Many a sleepy driver scarcely realized how easy it would have been to lose his team and caisson in this big hole.

At the stop for breakfast we saw our first Heinie who had died with his boots on. More than one man would have liked to have had those boots. The effect of the barrage of the 26th could easily be seen. There were great holes everywhere and the absolute desolation wrought by the war is vividly recalled in the shell destroyed forest areas of the Argonne.

The position at Esnes was left on the night of October 3rd when another of the wild night marches commenced with a 200-yard move, after which as soon as we were rolled in our blankets the order came to harness and hitch, and we moved over to Camp Gallieni. One of the fourgons had to serve double duty as an ambulance on this trip. Sergeant Koah and several others were loaded in on top of the baggage. The "slum" must have been pretty bad that day to make even the mess sergeant sick. Bridwell and Campbell were left behind because they were sufficiently wise to find a trench far enough away to insure a night's sleep. This is the only time that Bridwell was A. W. O. L.

The day at Gallieni will be remembered by the steak breakfast which Sergeant Koah dug up from somewhere. It was a real feed. That night again occurred one of those night-mares in the form of a march which took so long to get started—somebody seemed to be able to change his mind very easily as orders were countermanded several times. The next morning found us parked and camouflaged inside the outer wall of historic Verdun. Verdun held great interest for all of us because of the terrific struggle in 1916 which prompted that historic phrase, "They shall not pass." The old city walls, the massively constructed citadel, and the moat were things that spoke of the past; but fresh holes of immense size, the heavy boom of large shells, and the necessity for keeping hidden the presence of American soldiers left no doubt about the present stern realities of war.

It may have been a coincidence but soon after Colonel Hennessey left us, Sergeant Cunningham blossomed out in those trick reveille puttees so recently affected only by the man who nailed them to the cross. Saturday, October 5th, we reconnoitered our position in the Cote de Talou. That night at about 12 o'clock the Battery came up and finally got in over the shell-torn imitation of a road. It was another dark, rainy night and many a man took more than one good fall, as he slipped and stumbled with his'load of H. E. over the quarter-mile stretch from the main road. During the next few days only active evidence of the Boche was a pink tea song of hate in the form of about a half dozen shells which always landed in about the same place and at the same hour at a perfectly safe distance from our position and the dug-outs below. Evidently this sector was due for a rude awakening from this quiet, harmless routine trench warfare. Until the morning of the 8th, time was spent in getting up ammunition, digging in, camouflaging, perfecting communication with the O. P. where a splinter proof had been built out of a ¼-inch sheet iron and iron railroad ties.

At 5 o'clock on the morning of the 8th we took our first real part in an offensive and began a 7-hour barrage, at range 5,200 and finished at 10,400, with A. L. semi-steel shells. Suspend firing was given at 11 o'clock because the ammunition gave out. During this barrage the battery functioned with the precision of seasoned experts though most of us were certainly under great tension because there was a lively German reply for the first two or three hours. Again the men behaved with the coolness of veterans. Shortly after noon we began to see Austrian prisoners filing past the battery position, and we were especially interested in them because we had helped to take them though at long range. They certainly were poor specimens of men—dirty, poorly equipped and apparently underfed.

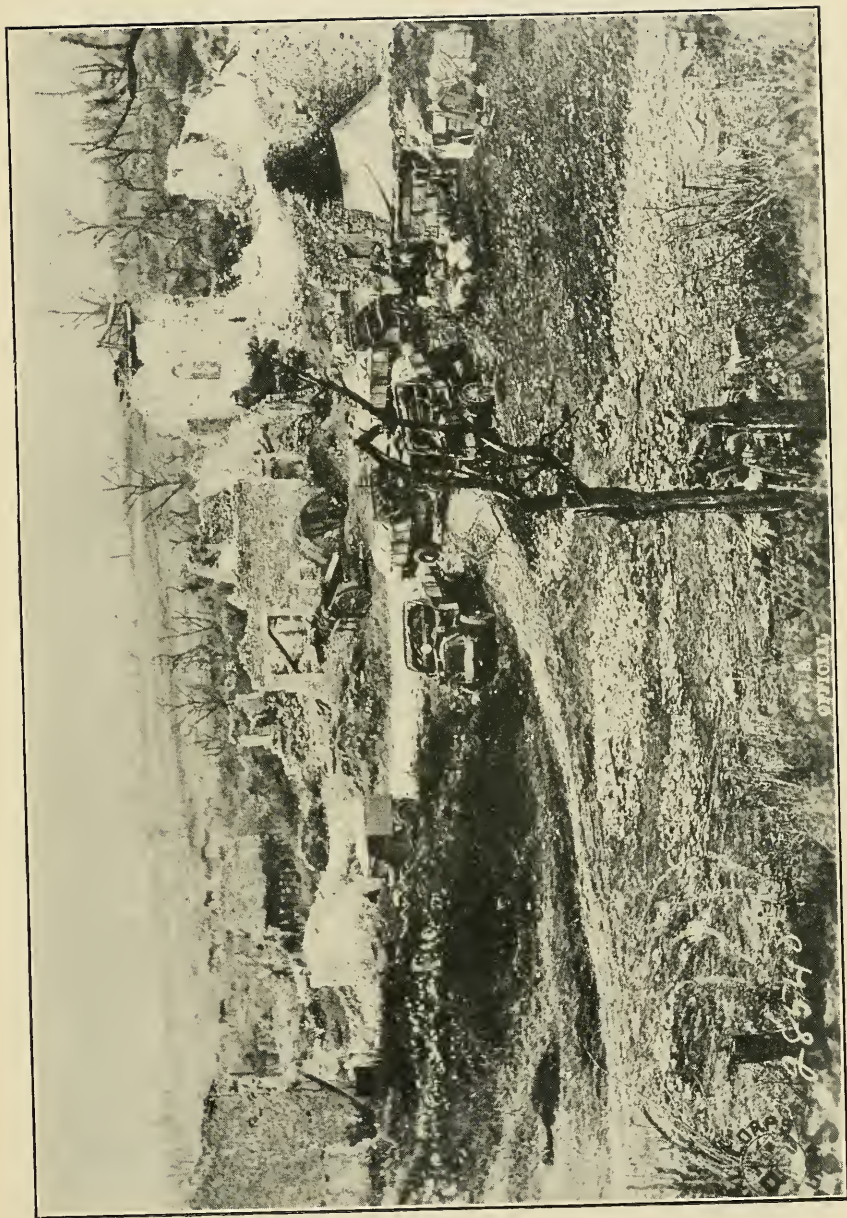
That night nearly everybody rested except Lieutenant Platt who was at the O. P. The next day many of us enjoyed a bath on the banks of the canal below. So few were these baths at the Front that they are still remembered as red letter events.

About 3 o'clock on the afternoon of the 9th we began to move up and on the road a short distance from the Cote de Talou, we witnessed the largest concentration of planes which took place during the war. They were so high in the air that they looked like formations of wild ducks, and the hum of the motors was one continual purr. There were three hundred and fifty planes in this group which was being sent over to harass the German troop movements and also for the tremendous impression which such a show would make. We felt a real pride in this advance because this was over ground which we had helped to take. There were the usual halts due to traffic tie-ups, and in Brabant we were halted along the infantry kitchens, while carriages were pulled one by one up over the shell pitted road out of the town. During this halt, the long chief of the 2nd section committed the unpardonable crime of getting caught with foraging. Lieutenant Glascock's sight failed him when asked if he knew this rangy artilleryman, and after considerable excitement and a short barrage the Sergeant evaded the boys who won the war. About two kilometers northeast of Brabant on the Molleville farm road we went into position with the battery front on the west side and paralleling the road, and an old communication trench on the east side. By daylight of the 10th the Battery was pretty well dug in and camouflaged. A short barrage about noon drove out the Germans in a small salient formed by a nest of machine guns, which had so far resisted all the efforts of our own dough boys to dislodge them. This advanced the dough boys 500 meters and relieved us from direct observation on the part of the enemy.

During the days following until the 29th of October, when we were relieved by the 79th Division, the 323rd developed into a seasoned outfit. There was firing night and day; much hard work in deepening gun pits and in enlarging the field of fire; numerous calls during the night for re-laying the guns or receiving new data with very poor facilities for night laying, and there were many nights of continual harassing fire. Many a rainy night the gun crews, completely exhausted, slept under a paulin if they were fortunate enough to have one. Later on everybody developed some sort of a so-called dug-out and had comparative comfort. These dug-outs were proof against rain but that was about all, as Sergeant Shelar can testify. Shelar will probably bear a life-time grudge against Lieutenant Reese for dressing a shell fragment wound in his arm and thus cheating him out of a wound stripe. The only other men wounded at the Battery were Jack Jolly and Andrew Luy, neither seriously. But at brigade headquarters Lieutenant Squires received a bad wound from a bursting shell and E Battery was thus deprived of a capable and well-liked officer.

For the effective co-operation of the Second Battalion with the infantry, too much credit cannot be given to Major M. J. Fibich—a real man, a real soldier, capable of a much higher command with a genuine understanding of the things the men in his Battalion were up against. Major Fibich's choice of position here and his successful camouflaging were unquestionably largely responsible for our singular freedom from casualties. We had a pretty good taste of everything the German artillery had—from sneezing gas to mustard gas, and a liberal contribution of 77's and 150's H. E. one of which cut all the telephone lines at the rear of Walko's dug-out; another dropped alongside of Janus who sensed its coming and fell flat in the trench; another one almost fell on the first piece, and there were many others just as close. But it is doubtful whether the Germans located our Battalion position until near the end of our stay, if at all. The shelling which we received was evidently because of the heavy divisional traffic over this road. It was through a veritable hell shell fire along this road that Joe Donahue carried important messages from Captain Hasbrouck at the infantry P. C. about two miles away in the remarkable time of twenty minutes, and thus earned a D. S. C.—the only man in the Brigade so decorated. The officers of the relieving Battalion, witnessing some of these heavy shellings during the last two days before our relief were anxious to get out of there even before their outfits had come in. In addition to the shell fire we were more than once subjected to machine gun fire by Hun planes. A duel on October 13th with four German fliers showed the real stuff of which our gunners were made. They stuck to their guns under a rain of Boche bullets, and finally drove off the invaders. There were other raids after this—one on October 28th when the German plane flew so close overhead that one could almost distinguish the insignia on the uniform of the pilot. It so happened that just at this very moment we were receiving a heavy shell fire, both gas and H. E. and while our machine gunners made a strenuous effort to bring this man down they were unable to fire very many shots.

With all these hardships there was a lighter side to life in the trenches above Brabant. E Battery was unfortunate in not having its own kitchen, as Sergeant Isidore Zeman naturally favored his own D Battery, but most of the men of E Battery were real artillery men who could look out for themselves. Though it was never finally proven, Zeman was probably not far wrong in believing that E men stole his jam, during one of those periods when the cooks had skipped out because of heavy shell fire. Harry Day was the practical joker of the 3rd Section, and more than one man left a straddle trench in haste when



THE TOWN OF BRABANT



BATTERY PASSING THROUGH JAMETZ



A SECTION OF THE FRONT ABOVE DEATH VALLEY



CAPTURED GERMAN ARMS AT MADELEINE FARM

Harry threw a few pebbles behind him simultaneously with a shell burst which might have been two hundred yards away. Day was also a real cook and as a forager had no equal. The 3rd Section and the officers were liberally supplied with hot cakes most of the time. Flour was scarce and on one occasion Day, wearing an M. P. arm band which he had found, went to Sergeant Zeman and asked him for flour for a bunch of German prisoners which he had up along the road. In answer to Zeman's invitation to bring them down to the kitchen, Day replied, "No, no, Sergeant, I haven't time, I will just make a flour paste for the dirty devils—that's good enough for them," and made off with a sack of flour, and was soon turning out hot cakes that would melt in your mouth.

Some men recovered their religion when the Boche became particularly active. During one of these times Caputo, unable to pray fast enough in English, quickly switched over into his native tongue—with better results. Many of us remember Silkowski's difficulty with the English language. However, his working knowledge of the profane vocabulary in both the American and Bolshevik variations qualified him as a good artilleryman. It was during a heavy rain of 150's that he confided to his comrades in the foreign Legion dugout that he had got religion and from now "no more swear."

While the men at the guns were having a tough time, the remainder of the Battery at the echelon under Lieutenant Glascock fared better in one respect at least—they had good feed and plenty of it and they missed no meals, though some were a long time postponed. Sergeant Koah and his crew affectionately termed "stomach robbers" really deserved lots of credit. However, life at the echelon was far from what it was at home. There were many hard, all-night ammunition trips, with horses to be cared for the next day. It was a real problem to keep the horses in shape with the echelon several inches deep with mud. Lieutenant Glascock was commended by the Brigade animal inspector as having the best picket line in the Brigade.

The men of the echelon, however, were not without excitement. Shells clearing the brow of the hill landed mighty close, and on one occasion wounded horses on the picket line across the canal. E men led our horses away under fire before any casualties had occurred among them. There were also frequent aeroplane raids. On one occasion a man in the mess line had his mess kit pierced with a shrapnel ball. Pinkerton discovered that Wehagen and Cunningham had it all over him when it came to doing the hundred-yard dash for the protection of the steep hillside across the road. Jerry Powers made one trip out from the echelon to reconnoiter to a road which the Battery expected to use in going up to the infantry as an infantry battery. Dead Germans along the way did not improve Jerry's frame of mind, and when they finally reached the rear of the infantry trenches the Germans were sending over about everything they had. Jerry afterward confided to the Lieutenant that he would have liked to have swapped both horses for one with a mark about 158 with the privilege of immediately starting back for the echelon.

Toward the end of the stay at Brabant two new positions were prepared in one day. It was here that Day and Antognozzi discovered numerous mines prepared by the Germans in front of their entanglements.

On the night of the 29th the 323rd as part of the 29th Division was relieved by the 79th. Guns were taken out of pits and relaid on the barrage under fire, and before we pulled out it was necessary to fire five times. It was with a great sense of relief that we finally passed down through Brabant beyond the area which was regularly shelled because we expected that the Germans would take advantage of a relief if they knew it was taking place. Another all-night march brought us back to Camp Gallieni. Our "rest" did not materialize. We

spent one night there during which time Sergeant Alcorn redeemed himself for all of his past sins by an issue of rubber boots and a few other needed supplies.

Hallowe'en night, October 31st, saw the 323rd once more on the move back toward the section of the line where we first hit the front. It was a march similar to all of our previous night marches, with many tiresome halts occasioned by moving the Brigade as a unit rather than by regimental or battalion units. There were two things of particular interest seen on this march, the pontoons which were going up for the crossing of the Meuse, and the landing field for planes whose lights could be seen for a long distance. A few hours' sleep the next morning in the Bois de Bantheville and we moved on through Avocourt and soon were seeing great numbers of prisoners being brought back as a result of the final drive which we were just missing. A night's rest in the Bois de Montfaucon and then another wet night of punishment for men and animals spent in getting out of it, when a much shorter and better route might have been taken, and then a march along the Montfaucon highway over which we had carried ammunition, on through Montfaucon Nantillois and other places which will go down in American history, and finally we came to the Madelaine farm, "our rest area" which developed into a very fine mud hole. For once, the supply sergeant was blest because rubber boots were a necessity here. Then followed a week of inactivity, rain, mud and rumors of an armistice. There was much excitement when trucks were permitted to drive with lights and strange to say, more trucks went into the ditch as a result of this than when they were driving during the darkest nights without any lights. Bets were freely offered that E Battery would never again fire, and officers formed a pool on the probable date of the armistice.

On the night of November 9th we were on the march again and once more light-hearted. Most of us chafed under the long inactivity, and were glad to be on the go even though it meant some more action. It was another hard march through Dun with its pontoon bridges and high chapel crowned cliffs across the river, up the Meuse to a point near Vilosnes, where we stopped for breakfast and a rest and then resumed the march, and late in the afternoon on a winding roadway, descended the steep hill from the plateau down to the plain of the Woevre with red roofed Ecurey nestling comfortably between the high cliffs on either side.

At Ecurey we saw a number of men wounded in the attempted advance of the morning made with little artillery help. We took up our position in an orchard on the edge of Ecurey over toward Lisse and during the night prepared gun pits. About 3 A. M. our data was given us and we began firing at 7 o'clock. It was a foggy morning and it was well for the 323rd that it was so. In the brief time until suspend firing was given and the armistice announced for 11 o'clock a number of German shells came over which showed that we were pretty well spotted. One landed just outside the Second Battalion headquarters; another uncomfortably close to the E Battery P. C., while others were not far from the guns themselves. At 7:20 E Battery suspended firing after having fired thirty-two rounds. There must have been at least a hundred of these last shells sent home to relatives in God's country.

Until 11 o'clock that morning we all waited anxiously because we could hardly believe in the report of the armistice though we had been looking for it for some time. At any moment we expected the Boche to strafe us in earnest. 11 o'clock came, and there was absolute quiet, the impression of which none of us will ever forget. There was little demonstration on the part of the men over the coming of the armistice. A band concert was given at the P. C. of

one of the infantry regiments; fires were built everywhere that night, and rockets fired. Probably the real feeling of relief and joy over the cessation of hostilities was best brought out in Chaplain Buckley's simple Thanksgiving service in the little village church.

We almost immediately settled down into the red tape condition of peace time. Training schedules came up to us from the rear as fast as the men who originated them. However, we settled down to enjoy the comparative luxury of the little town of Ecurey with comfortable billets and plenty of bathing facilities for everybody. It has not been greatly damaged because of its remoteness from the front lines and also because of its position behind a hill which protected it from the French fire. The business of war for the Germans billeted here must not have been at all unpleasant. There were vegetable gardens everywhere; there was a moving picture theater, and excepting for the great ammunition dump between Lissey and Ecurey there was not a great deal to show that this was in the war zone. Good fortune had followed E Battery even to the end. We had no serious casualties and our Battery remained intact. We had come through 46 days of action, part of the time with a Division which was up against some of the stiffest resistance which the Boche put up because of the strategic importance of the sector. And E Battery had proved itself worthy of its place in the 323rd, an honor which speaks for itself. Much of the success of the Battery, if it can be said to be due to one man certainly redounds to the credit of its Battery Commander, Captain Philip B. Hasbrouck of Yucalpa, California. Captain Hasbrouck, affectionately called "Pop" by his men was a battery commander of the finest type—an engineer by profession, the technical side of the work was easy for him, and he was fearless to the point of recklessness. Cool and collected, thoughtful of his men and horses, he at all times had the respect, confidence and co-operation of his Battery. His hatred for army red tape and strict discipline found a sympathetic chord in most of us. There was a genuine regret when later on we lost him through a regular army commanding officer's lack of appreciation of the kind of man a Battery Commander should be.

In the next few days there were rumors finally confirmed by orders that we were to remain part of the 32nd Division and make the march to the Rhine. While it was a great honor to be a part of this army of occupation it was one which many of us would have been willing to turn over to someone else if we could only have started for home immediately.

CHAPTER EIGHT

THE MARCH TO THE RHINE

November 12 to December 15, 1918

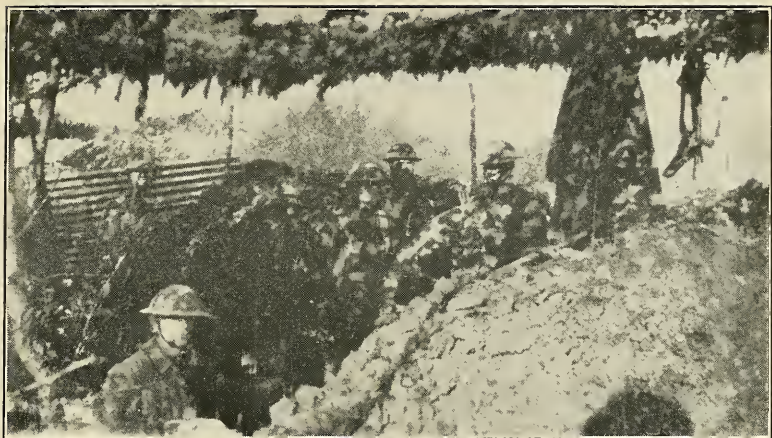
The pages of military history contain many tales of marching armies which became famous not only because of the difficulties overcome and the hardships endured by the men but also because of the significance they bear and the influence they exert upon the history of the world. In ancient history we read of the march of Xerxes and his Persian army; of the march of the Ten Thousand Greeks, and of Hannibal and his march across the Alps. Then, in the middle ages, the march of the Crusaders to Jerusalem, forming one of the most tragic chapters in all history. Coming down to modern times the retreat of Napoleon from Moscow leaves a bloody page in history as the snow drifts of Russia greedily swallowed up a large portion of the once Grand Army. In our own American history there is the famous 300 mile

march of Sherman from Atlanta to the sea. But perhaps the most momentous of all because it directly and vitally affected the entire world is the march to the Rhine of the victorious American army after the defeat of Prussian militarism.

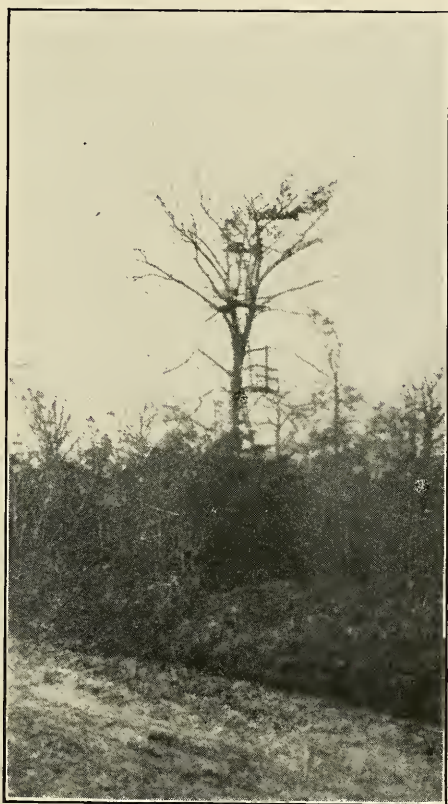
Less than eighteen months after America entered the struggle the German military machine was broken and the vanquished army was falling back beyond the river about which so many poems and songs have been written. To the Germans the hardest blow of all the war was to see the armed forces of their victorious enemies cross the Rhine, a stream which to them was almost sacred.

The armistice had scarcely become effective when all sorts of rumors were circulated about Ecurey that we were to start home at once. These we seized and fed upon like so many hungry wolves upon their prey. We pictured ourselves going back home to be once more with loved ones and how good we felt! But, alas, we were doomed to disappointment for many months of tiresome waiting lay ahead of us though of course we did not know it at that time. Perhaps the greatest blessing given us in the army and the most important factor in sustaining the morale of the men was the uncertainty of the morrow. We often lamented the fact during the following weeks that we did not know definitely when we were to move or where we were supposed to go. Had we known at the time that we left Ecurey that it would be May before we again saw home it is doubtful if our men could have stood up under the strain and most certainly we would never have reached our assigned destination in Germany in as good condition as we did.

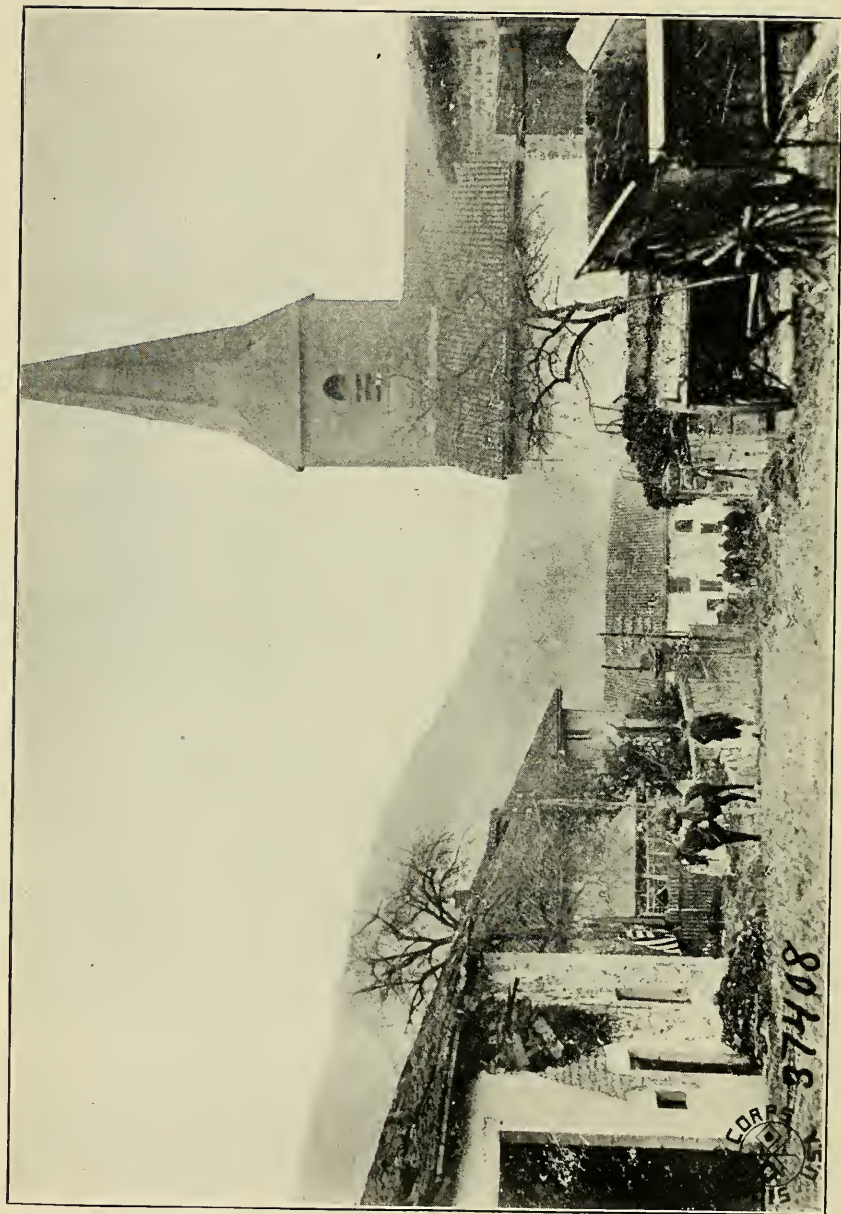
On the morning of November 16th, Saturday, we were assigned our quota of horses and made hurried preparations to move forward. The start was made shortly after noon mess and a short hike was made to our first stop, Jametz, where we spent the night. The report which gained our confidence at that time, possibly because we wanted to believe it, was that we were to go to the Rhine, stay there for about ten days, then go to a Dutch port and sail for home. After the start, the daily programme was about the same each day. Early on trip our advance became so rapid that our supplies could not keep up with us. Men and horses alike were soon reduced to short rations. Most of the men were not mounted and overcoats were worn throughout the trip although the weather was like spring and we encountered very few cold days. But orders called for overcoats and so we wore overcoats. Several of the men were used as interpreters and also to assist the officers in locating billets as soon as we had reached the end of the day's journey. The routine became monotonous but our spirits remained high for we kept one thought constantly in mind, "we're going home soon," and followed the phantom just as desert travelers follow the ever-fleeting mirage. In the morning we would fall out early, feed the horses, eat our own mess, hitch and start on the hike. At noon we would make a short stop and eat whatever rations had been issued to us for the meal which was usually a bacon sandwich and then resume the march and continue until our billeting town had been reached. The first part of the journey progressed rapidly and without incident and with little of interest except at Cosnes, where the Germans had built a good sized materiel camp. Here we saw some of the huge bombing planes which were used in the great air raids. They were of immense size and the giant bombs well looked the part of agents of death and destruction. Most of these bombs were more than five feet long. The machines were equipped with two twelve cylinder motors and two propellers while the wings had an immense spread. These things interested us very much for it was the first opportunity we have ever had to examine such machines closely. These were some of the planes the Germans



GUN IN POSITION ABOVE BRABANT



GERMAN OBSERVATION POST IN THE ARGONNE



THE TOWN OF ECUREY, Nov. 12, 1918

had left in accordance with the terms of the armistice and a German officer was checking them over to several French officers.

At 11 o'clock on the morning of November 20th we crossed into Belgium at the village of Aubange. A crowd of civilians lined the road, the town was bedecked with allied flags and a banner stretched across the road contained the words "Honneur aux Allies." The children shouted "Vive L'Amerique" and an old lady handed out several basketsful of apples, which we enjoyed very much. This same enthusiasm and hospitality was displayed by the Belgians in each village through which we passed. That night we stopped at Guerlange, a quaint little town where we enjoyed the homely hospitality of the people who probably suffered most at the hands of the invading army. We were the first soldiers through this section and as the army of delivery, American at that, after four years of German occupation, too much honor could not be paid us.

The following day we crossed over the border into the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg at 10 o'clock in the morning. Here we began to encounter extremely hilly country and this continued for the remainder of our journey. The first town we entered was Clemency and a white flag was flying from the church steeple. Nothing extraordinary took place until we arrived at Beidweiler where we made an extended stop of six days.

At Beidweiler we tried to get a much needed rest but most of each day was taken up with caring for the horses, foot drill, inspections and a resurrection of the old rumors and the making of several new ones which even went so far as to say that the reason we had so many inspections at this place was because we were to turn over our material to another division and then execute a to-the-rear-march and go home and live happily ever after. That relieving division pursued us clear into Germany but, alas, it never caught up with us.

Passes to the capital city, Luxemburg, were issued to many of the men during the first half of our stop. This privilege was greatly enjoyed by all who received it. The town somewhat resembled a small American city with its many fine buildings, the palace of the Grand Duchess being of extreme interest to us because of its historic value and the events which were transpiring at that time in the remodeling of the little nation. There were extensive railroad yards and also a street railway system which made the comparison stronger. Some of our men saw the grand review of the Luxemburg army, which consisted of 275 men, six horses and one cannon. At the depot there was a porter who spoke five languages, but, just our luck, they were the five we couldn't speak. Part of the inhabitants spoke French and some German and we encountered many who used almost perfect English. The hospitality of these people was remarkable as were also the prices of foodstuffs. At this time the cheapest kind of candy was \$4 per pound, cake \$4 per pound, while chocolate was considered cheap at \$9 per pound, all these prices being stated in American money. Apples sold for 25 cents each. There seemed to be plenty to eat and all the civilians we met had their pockets literally full of money. Prosperity seemed to be in vogue notwithstanding what appeared to us as unreasonable prices. The inhabitants paid the same prices as we did for like articles so no unfair advantage was taken of us.

Thanksgiving day was observed during our stay here and was the occasion for much added joy, inasmuch as we received some "back pay" on that day. The American papers stated that every soldier overseas ate turkey on Thanksgiving day but evidently some other outfit got our share. However, that evening the officers sold us chocolate and cakes which they had been able

to buy from some source unknown to us and we therefore had a second reason for being thankful. Our rations and forage continued to be tardy and on one occasion during the night, our horses ate two spokes out of the wheel of a gun carriage. Finally we received reserve rations consisting of "corn willie," canned tomatoes and hard tack and after burying the many horses that had died from privation and exposure we took the road and was on the march once more. Shortly after noon on the same day, December 1st, we marched through Echternach, a frontier town of Luxemburg, and crossed the Saar River into Germany. Our journey now entered into its last phase.

The hills which we had first encountered several days before were still with us. It seemed that no matter which way we turned we always went up hill but never down hill. The scenery was wonderful and improved in beauty as we drew nearer to the Rhine. The farmers were in the fields busily plowing and caring for the crops which were in different stages of development. We were told by many inhabitants that in the Rhineland provinces there was very little snow during the entire winter.

Our first stop in Germany was made at the small village of Alsdorf. Here several of us stayed over night with the mayor of the town. He showed us every courtesy and we tried to reciprocate by speaking to him in German. We made a miserable attempt to speak but our knowledge of the language, which a few days before we had considered perfect, utterly failed us. After much stammering one of the men had sense enough to ask him in our language whether he spoke English. To this he replied, "I speak some English. I lived for seven years in Milwaukee." Our surprise was complete and we enjoyed a fine evening of conversation and, incidentally, a nice feed. Some of the men were billeted in houses but these being inadequate to accommodate so many the remainder of the men slept in hay lofts or any other places they could find. This condition continued throughout our trip.

The following day we passed through the good sized city of Bitburg, on the run, as it was feared that the inhabitants might cause trouble if we stopped. Then we began to see great walls of stone piled high along the road, sometimes for nearly a mile at a stretch. We later found out that this stone was used in the manufacture of a special kind of brick and cement. There were also many brickyards scattered along our route.

At Mayen there was a church which attracted considerable attention, for this reason, instead of the steeple being built in pyramid shape, this one was built in the form of a spiral. It was claimed by the inhabitants that the church was hundreds of years old and that when it was built it was thought that only a spiral steeple could be safely erected on top of the building. Another point of interest was the German theatre where our Battery was billeted for the night. It was very large and had lately been used as a meeting place for the German women to sew for their soldiers, practically the same idea the American Red Cross carried out for our own men. There was also an ancient castle which was built in 55 B. C. by Caesar on one of his invasions of Gaul.

The next day we arrived at Krufft which was a thriving manufacturing town. Here we stopped for three days during which time we all enjoyed a bath at the large tile works located beside our billeting area. This was the first real bath we had the opportunity of taking since we started for the firing line more than two months before.

We left Krufft on the morning of December 13th and were approaching very close to the river. On Friday, the 13th, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon we crossed the Rhine at Engers over a long steel bridge which also had an interesting history connected with it. The bridge was built of steel in three large

spans; on either end of the bridge there were two turrets which reminded one of the pictures of medieval castles; there was also a street car track across the bridge. This structure had been built some time during the early part of the war by French and English prisoners which the Germans had captured. It had rained most of the day, but our spirits were high for we believed that our journey would soon be over. We spent the night at Heimbach after having cared for our horses and parked the materiel during a heavy shower. We didn't see much of the town for we were tired and drenched to the skin and so we turned in early.

We were now in the midst of the Rhineland provinces; the scenery was very beautiful and we passed by many large manufacturing towns, coal mines and brick yards. We proceeded to Ruscheid which we reached in the early afternoon and expected to take up permanent billets in the town but orders came that night that we were to advance to the next town which we did on the following, Sunday, morning. At last we reached our destination, a little village named Urbach-Uberdorf, situated among the hills towards the northern extremity of the Coblenz bridgehead sector. We had traveled about 190 miles during the month and now became a part of the Army of Occupation.

CHAPTER NINE

THE ARMY OF OCCUPATION

December 16, 1918, to April 22, 1919

The element of time is necessary to give the proper perspective to past events. The four months spent in Urbach-Uberdorf, as members of the 32nd Division holding the center and most advanced sector of the American Army of Occupation, seemed in the passing to be dull and uninteresting, and one continuous round of monotonous duties and unreasonable orders. Never before had the everlasting care of the horses seemed so much drudgery. Sherman's famous phrase fell far short of an accurate description of the battle of peace across the Rhine. But in looking back we can see that the average soldier's vision was clouded by the malady of homesickness and that the daily crop of rumors, which he believed because he wanted to believe them, did much to aggravate this malady. The result was that the comparative comfort of his present station, the ease and safety of his present duties, and the opportunity for new and interesting experiences was unappreciated. After the 40 hommes, 8 chevaux, the rainy nights on the march and along the Brabant road, and later the infested haymows on the hike to the Rhine, the warm and dry and fairly comfortable billets of Urbach-Uberdorf were luxury indeed. The 2nd Battalion arrived in this typical little farming village of the Wester-Wald on Sunday, December 15th. Its quaint, paneled stuccoed houses, many of them 150 to 200 years old, sheltered a simple peasant folk with all of whom except the returned German soldier, the American redleg and doughboy in his characteristic way, soon established friendly relations, regardless of strict orders against fraternizing. Invitations to "coffee drinking" with our friend the enemy, and the gifts of Christmas cakes helped the men of many billets forget that they were thousands of miles from home at this Christmas season. But it was a rather cheerless Christmas at best for men who wanted more than anything else to be at home, although we were not entirely forgotten as it seemed we would be until the last moment.

The Y. M. C. A. and K. of C. contributed some cigarettes, the quartermaster furnished a half pound of candy per man and with fresh pork Ser-

geant Koah turned out a real dinner. And nature gave us a fine blanket of snow. Regimental headquarters not to be outdone, presented us with a new B. C. To a man, we were sorry to see Captain Hasbrouck go. His services at the Front could not be questioned. He was a most capable, fearless officer, always considerate of his men. But on the 300 kilometer parade and continuous inspection known as the March to the Rhine, he incurred the displeasure of the Colonel who was the passer of the buck extraordinary. The Colonel set out to get him, and, for entirely inadequate reasons, once more the guillotine found its victim. The days of real service at the Front were forgotten and a sensible appreciation of conditions was evidently beyond this C. O. who never having commanded a battery, never was up against such problems as Captain Hasbrouck had faced.

Lieut. Middleton immediately took up the work and then ensued weary months of monotonous watch on the Rhine. Lieut. Glascock and the battery made many a tiresome drill before and after breakfast over the top to the picket lines in the woods. Long pine shelters were built and used a short while before the horses were all placed in stables. Grooming and exercising the "insects," as the horses were unaffectionately called, alternated with mange treatments. Glanders quarantine prevented range and road work with the other battalion for some time, so we were fortunate in a way. Many interesting rides through the fine forests to the surrounding small towns were taken and sometimes the morning's work was varied by free-for-all races—a departure from schedules which added a little zest to the dull routine, if it did endanger someone's official head. It was the usual thing on these rides to start up a number of deer before the ride was over, and many a man wished that the orders did not include a game law. One man in the 3rd section, it is said, had to use his French carbine in self-defense against a particularly wild deer. After the quarantine was lifted, battery drill and range work began again and added a little interest. But this meant increased work. Carriages and harness had to be cleaned after every road-hike, regardless of the fact that they would be used the next morning. Stirrup and bit polishing parties became the usual thing after supper. Brightly polished surfaces, upon which much sand-paper and elbow grease had been expended, rusted again in a day or so in spite of a coating of oil. Such were the slow passing days of winter. Grooming mangy animals was the nightmare of many an artilleryman for months.

There were, however, occasional bright spots in these drab days. Once in a while a show came to the Y. M. C. A. tent, though we were never able to have our own troupe in which we were well represented by Sgts. Young and Shelar and Corp. Jimmy Myers. No better event was staged than the trial of Sgt. Shelar on the charge of writing false news concerning a Y. M. C. A. pie barrage, which was proved by Prosecuting Attorney Wideman to be non-existent, to the satisfaction of Judge Cunningham and the jury. Shelar was sentenced to buy pie for the battery.

The sporting blood of the battery, and Jerry Powers in particular, was thoroughly aroused when Lts. Glascock and Middleton engineered a horse trade with the 324th which would have done credit to David Harum. Lt. Glascock obtained a fine mount, which, under his handling and the care of Jerry Powers who spent night and day in her stall, won first prize for officers' mounts in the divisional horse show. Jerry certainly fed her on more than the pine-bough ration which was ordered about this time.

Efforts on the part of Lt. Middleton to work up a Sunday School met with indifferent success. The last attempt found one man there, Arthur Anzio,

by name. In answer to Lt. Middleton's question, "Where is the rest of the battery?" Anzio replied in his peculiar drawl, quite innocently, "I don't know, Sir, I was detailed to build the fire." Those who knew said that too much grooming was not good for religion.

One other thing which made life bearable was the passes which a big part of the battery received. These varied in length from one to fourteen days and included many trips of wonderful interest to Coblenz, Neuwied, Paris, Aix-les-Bains, and many other places in France. At these leave-areas many men were exceptionally well treated and every effort was made to look after their enjoyment and comfort. The educational value of such travel was a wonderfully fine thing for everyone who was fortunate enough to draw one of these leaves. Whether by design or not, this policy on the part of G. H. Q. was very good propaganda to counteract the growing unpopularity of army life.

With the coming of March, the early return of the 32nd division was assured. The divisional review by the commander-in-chief could mean nothing else. It remained to be seen, however, if the lost brigade would go with the division. One week previous to the review, Lt. Middleton was made a Captain and the next day ordered home. Such good fortune, which fell to few men in the A. E. F., was the battery's misfortune for we were without a B. C. at a time when we wanted to make the best showing. But every last man in the battery from buck privates to second lieutenants buckled down to the task of getting the battery in shape with the hope that if the regiment created a favorable impression we might go home with the division. Sgt. Freed and his details worked night and day to complete the clipping of the horses. Harness and carriages were in excellent condition, and the problem of polishing bits and stirrups was solved at the suggestion of some of the men in the battery by having them tinplated. Major Fibich thought so well of the idea that he adopted it for the entire battalion. March 15th came a crisp, sunshiny, spring morning. By eleven o'clock the entire division, infantry, machine guns, artillery and the smaller units was drawn up on gently rolling ground, overlooking Dierdorf. With colors, standards and guidons whipping the breeze, this big unit in battle equipment was an impressive and magnificent sight. Shortly after noon General Pershing, mounted on a beautiful silver-grey horse, paid the artillery the compliment of inspecting them first. At the last moment carriages had been thoroughly cleaned of the soft mud of the field and then polished with oil. The cannoneers shined the drivers' shoes after they mounted.

Gen. Pershing asked a number of questions about the battery in his quick, yet kindly, manner and offered no word of criticism. His final comment was "You have a very good-looking battery." No one could help being favorably impressed by the splendid appearance of the general and by his ringing address to the division after the review. The review itself was a wonderful spectacle. It was a tired but happy battery that unhitched and unharnessed that night, but it was worth it. We had as a battery made a showing equal to, if not better than any other battery in the regiment, and we felt that we would go home with the division.

Very soon after the review Capt. Shem took command. We didn't wish Capt. Shem any bad luck, but we hoped that he would not be our battery commander very long. We wanted to go home. Within a short time the new battery commander had quietly worked up an efficient organization of which he had the entire respect.

Things now moved along quietly and in an orderly fashion, the monotony

being broken only by an occasional Boche who disregarded the military rules of the occupied territory, and who was promptly taken into custody and punished. The only other forms of excitement were the unannounced visits of the brigade commander or the division commander, and these brought a thrill to the battery officers at least. The regular army idea, as represented by the actions of the above mentioned general officers, was to speak no word of commendation, no matter how well-kept the materiel, billets and horses were, but to storm and rage at any little thing which was not in line with the ideas of the general making the unwelcome visit. No explanations, however well-grounded, were accepted, and the same thing held true in range firing, at which some of these general officers appeared. The wisest of tactical moves on the part of the officers' firing usually brought forth a criticism, unless it was done in accordance with the rules as laid down in F. A. D. R., Vol. III. And if the rules were followed to the letter and results were not obtained, as often was the case, another outburst occurred. A war cannot be fought from a book, and rules to meet every possible contingency cannot be made, because of the infinite number of varying conditions to be met in firing at different targets. The one statement in F. A. D. R. which holds true under any conditions, and which senior officers usually overlooked in favor of minor technical points is this: "The efficiency of a Field Artillery organization is demonstrated by its success in battle."

An exception to the general run of regular army officers, which we are pleased to note, was Colonel Fred T. Cruse, our regimental commander from January, 1919, until we arrived in the U. S. Col. Cruse was kind, sympathetic, courteous to his subordinates, an excellent disciplinarian, a fine soldier, and a gentleman, not only by Act of Congress, but by instinct.

April 10, 1919, was a memorable date for the 323rd F. A. Brigadier General Craig called on Battery E in the morning, and after causing Captain Shem the usual amount of annoyance, informed him that the brigade would undoubtedly be in Germany for four or five months yet, which information was passed on by the Captain to the men at retreat, at 4:30 that afternoon. The men gave vent to their disgust by tearing their division insignia, the red arrow, from their blouses and throwing them in the mud.

However, generals are not infallible. At 5:30 the same evening a telephone message from Brigade H. Q. to Captain Shem informed him that we were assigned to the 32nd Division for transportation to the United States, and would leave in ten days. Assembly was blown, and a special formation called. The men fell in, wondering what they were to be reprimanded for this time. The battery commander made a few unimportant announcements, and then spoke the glad words.

That formation was never dismissed officially by the First Sergeant. With a yell that must have caused the Boche to think that the war was on again, the men hugged each other and jumped up and down for joy. The band was requisitioned, and a very unmilitary parade was staged. Also there was a mad scramble to reclaim the cast-off red arrows, and the celebration lasted until long after taps.

The next day, however, the hard work began, when the work of turning in horses and material started. It is no small task to get rid of 168 horses, 4 guns and caissons, limbers and wagons, etc., 195 pistols and ammunition for same, harness, feed-bags, horse covers, grooming kits and surplus equipment for 186 men. And each class of property had to be listed separately and sent to a different place, and a thousand and one regulations had to be complied with.

However, in ten days this work had all been done, and Battery E was stripped of everything excepting the uniforms and personal equipment of the men. No horses, no harness, no guns, no ammunition, and no signal equipment. As a fighting outfit, we were absolutely helpless, but it was certainly great to be relieved of the responsibility of caring for all the equipment which we had had.

April 22nd was announced as the day of Battery E's departure from the bridgehead, and for two days we only ate, loafed and slept, all the while talking of nothing and dreaming of nothing but that wonderful place—HOME!

CHAPTER TEN

HOMeward BOUND

April 22 to May 13, 1919.

When the long-looked for, happy day arrived it was hard to realize, after the many months of disappointment and homesickness, that we were actually going to the land of our dreams. As we prepared to leave Ueberdorf the relieving artillery of the Second Division moved in. The natives of the village spent many days in anxiety dreading to have a new organization come in our places for they had become well-acquainted with us and on the whole there had been no serious conflicts or disputes during our stay. The women actually shed tears when we bade them goodbye. It was difficult for these Germans to comprehend the size of the United States. Many of them said "I have a brother or a cousin over in America, and if you see him tell him that I'm all right."

By one o'clock in the afternoon of April 22nd we were all set, and after marching up the hill to the main road we loaded into trucks at two o'clock and started for Engers. Battery F hiked over from Dernbach and the Second Battalion left in a body. The ride to Engers was by far the best trip we had ever made "over there." Why shouldn't it be? We were going home!

The Y. M. C. A. was on deck at Engers and laid down a hot chocolate and cake "barrage." Our trip to Brest was to be made under better conditions than our other European trips had been for we had American box cars and they looked better to us than an American palace car looks to a millionaire. At 6:30 P. M. we started. The Salvation Army had stocked the kitchen car with a great supply of doughnuts. The Y. M. C. A. and K. of C. furnished thousands of cigarettes and hundreds of chocolate bars for us to eat on our way to the coast—and we ate them too. We had three meals a day and enough to keep us in eats and smokes between meals. It seemed like a dream. There were from thirty to forty men in each car and at night it was difficult to stretch out and get a good night's sleep but we didn't care for we had visions of our own cozy beds back home where we would soon be sleeping.

The trip to Brest required more than eighty hours. We had American train crews and they sure did "highball." We passed through Coblenz, Metz, Toul, Bourges, Rennes, LeMans, and innumerable villages. We could see the destruction of war at numerous places—entire villages wiped out; large cities hell-torn; immense shell holes blown in the ground and a fortress and capital of Lorraine province was in fine condition, but the villages skirting the city were a mass of ruins. We saw one hill that the French had used for an observation post from which they had direct observation on Metz.

The Germans had discovered the French using this post and had shelled the large stone building on the summit of the hill. There was a large statue of Joan of Arc at this point and the enemy had demolished the building but had been unable to hit the statue although they had fired countless shells at it. The French regarded this as a good omen and it seemed to be. All along the route French people of every age and condition came to pick up anything we might throw to them. They would call out "Cigarette—Beesqueet" (they couldn't say biscuit) and out would go a regular shower of hard tack and cigarettes. Some of these souvenir-hunters had evidently walked for several miles as there wouldn't be a village or a house within sight of the place where they had taken up a watching post along the railroad. The French are regular souvenir fiends.

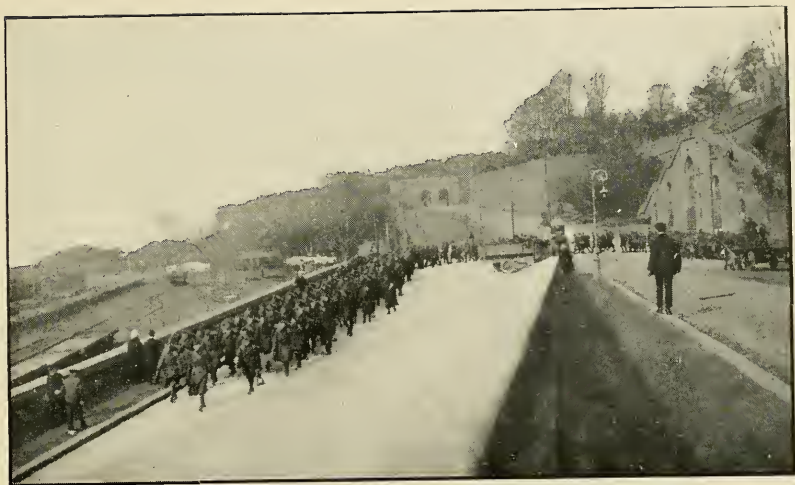
The "Stars and Stripes" printed an article stating that there would be no delay in Brest for the 32nd Division but that we would load on the boat immediately upon our arrival at the port, but we had been fooled so often that we rather doubted the truth of the statement but we hoped that just this once the news might be true. But it was just our luck—the "dope" was no good.

At one o'clock on the morning of April 26th we arrived at the station in Brest and found a good hot lunch waiting for us which we relished very much. Then the long hike to the camp began. Camp Pontanezen, our destination, was about three miles from the railroad station and we hiked it full pack and eventually found our billets located in the far end of the camp "as per usual." We lost no time in turning in for a few hours sleep. The next morning we had an opportunity of seeing the much cussed and discussed camp.

For several weeks prior to our arrival the situation at the camp in Brest had been the topic for a heated discussion and investigation by Congress. The camp had evidently been erected in a hurry and was still in the course of construction when we arrived. The site was large and there were hundreds of buildings already finished. The billets had no floors in them and the beds consisted of bunks built in sections of four each—two below and two above, with heavy wire for springs. All the buildings were covered on the outside with galvanized iron. The mess halls accommodated several hundred at a time and were equipped with long tables with corrugated iron tops. There were no benches so we stood up while we ate. The Y. M. C. A., K. of C., Salvation Army, and the Jewish Welfare Board had many cozy huts scattered about the camp. The American Library Association had a large library building housing were thousand books and comfortable reading room. The huts and libraries were the only comfortable places about camp where we could go and enjoy ourselves for a few hours. There were movies, minstrel shows, and lectures of various kinds somewhere in the camp nearly every night.

On the 26th, the same day we arrived, we were put through the delousing plant. This process was designed to rid us of any cooties that might have survived the cootie baths we received in Germany. Physical inspections were held every day and old clothing could be traded for new at the Camp Quartermaster. We stayed at the camp for nine days, and during that time we were twice put through the delouser.

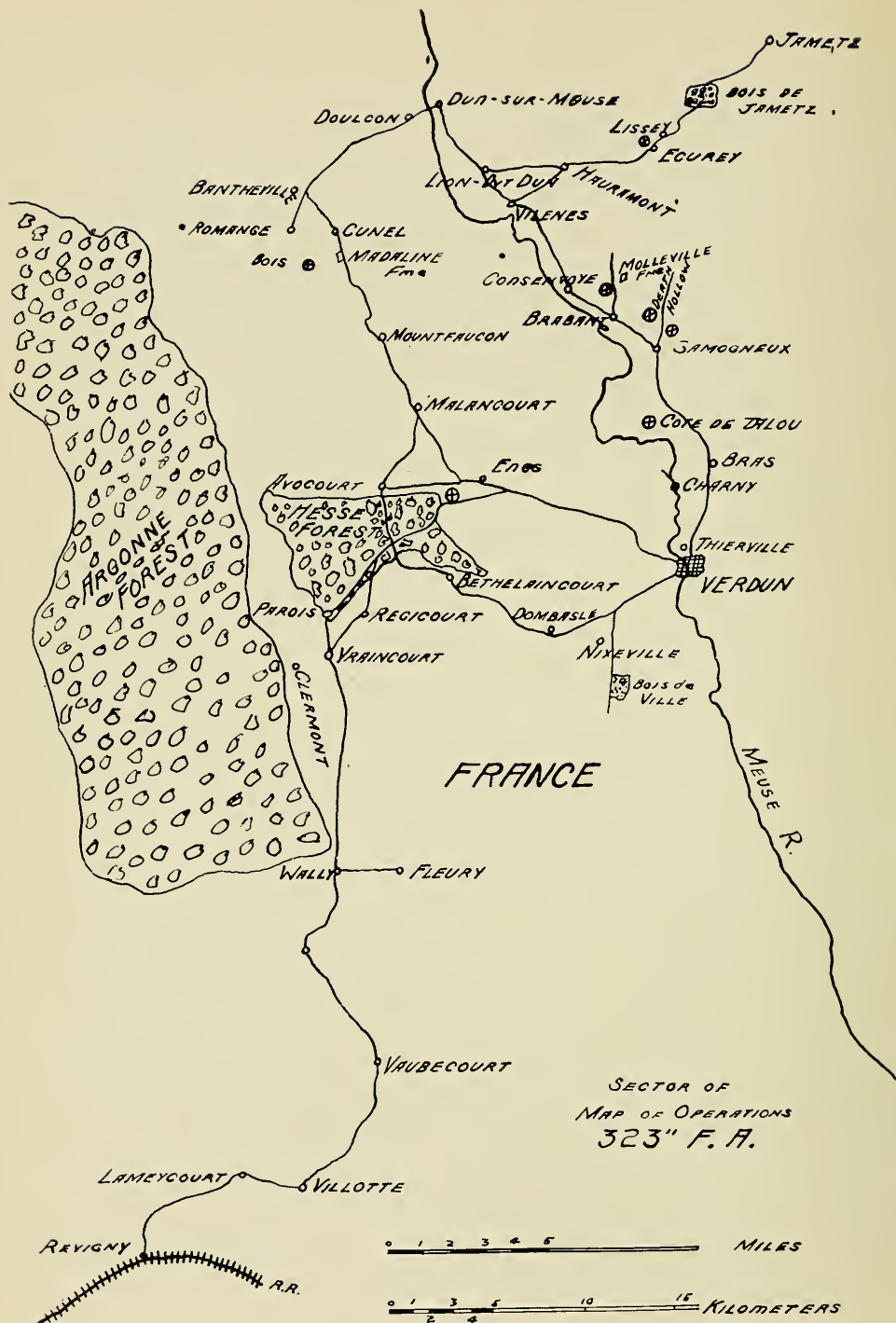
The weather was very disagreeable as it rained seven of the nine days, and the other two were cold and cloudy. The atmosphere was saturated with moisture all the time and fires had to be kept up in the barracks. There was rest here. Every day nearly the entire Battery was on details of one sort or another. On Sunday a hundred men were assigned to work on boats lying in the harbor but the good eats received on these boats at meal time compensated for the little work each man performed. Another detail was sent to carry



BATTERY E MARCHING THROUGH BREST TO EMBARK FOR THE UNITED STATES



U. S. TRANSPORT "VON STEUBEN"



MAP OF SECTOR OF OPERATIONS OF THE 323RD F. A.

ammunition at a French fortress on the Isle D'Mort and the Americans nearly scared the Frenchmen to death by throwing the ammunition around as if it were cordwood. The French handle the shells very gingerly as if they were pure nitroglycerine and they considered the Americans reckless in the superlative degree. But the one Detail that broke the hearts and spirits of those unfortunate to be on it was the infamous "Quarry Detail." There were hundreds of prisoners of war assigned to work about the camp and at that particular time were constructing macadam roads. The stone was from a large quarry located close to our billeting area and a detail worked all night digging out stone for the prisoners to work with during the daytime. A colored sergeant was put in charge of the detail and that did not improve the frame of mind of the workers. The miserable rain joined in the conspiracy of getting the men's goat. Of course the unpleasant experience is all over now, perhaps forgotten, but many of those on the detail told the writer "Be sure you put this detail stuff in your History"—so here it is minus some of the language used by the men.

Passes to the city were allowed each day and nearly everyone saw the sights which were far from numerous. The British, French, and American navies were well represented by boats of the Atlantic fleets visiting Brest at the time of our stay. The boats were lined up in true formation, flags were flying and it was a sight well worth seeing. But we were interested most of all in the boat that was to convey us home, the "Von Steuben," a four-funnel cruiser, which was then coaling out in the harbor.

We received our April pay before we left Brest and had a full pack inspection to make sure that we had two cans of shoe dubbing and an extra pair of shoe laces. On Monday morning, May 5th, we marched to the pier; the pack didn't seem a bit heavy that morning as we hiked the three miles that lay between us and the boat. In due time we were aboard the "Von Steuben" and at three o'clock in the afternoon steamed out of the harbor on our return trip; every minute now brought us closer home.

The "Von Steuben" was a fast cruiser taken over by the United States upon our entry into the war. Her name was formerly "Kronprinz Freidrich Wilhelm," the famous German raider that sent many allied merchantmen to the bottom of the Atlantic. She was chased into Newport News by British men of war in 1915 and interned there with her crew. She was re-named "Von Stueben" in honor of a Polish patriot who fought with the colonists during our Revolutionary War.

The "Von Steuben" was 663 feet long and 66 feet beam, was well-armed, and very fast. The accommodations were very good. There was a soda fountain installed and operated by the American crew. Our outfit broke the sales records by buying 5,800 sodas in a nine-hour period. There was also a large canteen fully stocked with everything we could wish to buy—cigars, candy of all kinds, cookies, fountain pens, tobacco, and the like, and it did a rushing business during the entire trip. Every night a movie show was given in the mess hall.

For four days we encountered rough weather and nearly all the men became sea sick—at least they didn't seem to enjoy their meals. The mess hall was located in the hold and was equipped with tables suspended from the ceiling with chains and every meal time while the sea was rough the banqueters were compelled to do a marathon as the vessel listed from port to starboard in order to keep up with the eats. The food was far superior to the mutton and tay of the Agapenor, but the men ate so much candy and other sweets that most of the appetites were not very keen. The various associations that we

saw nothing of at the front were on hand to lay down barrages of cigarettes and chocolates.

Life was pretty easy during our week's voyage, as the Captain of the boat would not allow formations to be held except life boat drills and the relief from strict military life was much appreciated. There was a large, up-to-date barber shop where several of the soldiers who were barbers earned several dollars during the trip, while each of the men assigned as Kitchen Police and Guards received five dollars for their work. Old-fashioned American prices were charged at the soda fountain, barber shop and canteen.

So we lived, although some of us thought we were going to die of seasickness for a little more than seven days as we sped nearer home. On the night of May 12th we saw the first lights on the American coast—came by the Ambrose light ship, Rockaway beach, and dropped anchor outside the harbor.

There was not much sleep that night and early on the morning of the 13th everybody was on deck, all shined up for the big event. The port and debarkation officials came alongside in a tug and examined the ship's papers and about nine o'clock we started steaming up the lower bay. Just inside the harbor we were met by the welcome tugs, with the Mayor's committee, and a band, and many oranges, chocolates and cigarettes, which were flung on board with shouts and cheers of welcome. We passed the Statue of Liberty and Battery Park and slowly slid into Pier 3, Hoboken, where the lines were made fast. It seemed almost too good to be true—on United States soil at last! One needed only to look around him to reassure himself, however, the familiar skyline of Manhattan across the river alone was enough. One of our big ambitions had been achieved. Now for the second—now to get that coveted discharge!

CHAPTER ELEVEN

HOME AGAIN.

May 13th to 27th, 1919.

We lost no time in unloading and stepped upon good American soil just eleven months and three days from the time we had left Philadelphia for "over there." It seemed as if we had been away on another planet and had returned to earth once more. The Salvation Army was on hand distributing telegraph blanks and we all sent messages to our loved ones telling them of our safe arrival and the charges were paid by the Salvation Army. The Red Cross canteen workers were on hand with a good hot lunch and, Oh boy! they gave us some good pie too. The K. of C., Salvation Army and similar organizations were present and laid down some more chocolate barrages. After lunch we loaded on a Hudson River ferry and went down the river to Alpine landing ready for the march to camp.

It was an extremely hot sultry day and a long hike lay ahead of us. We had climbed hills over there but here was one that was extremely long and difficult especially as there was a forty-pound pack to carry. The entire distance of almost four miles was uphill and many of the men were overcome by the heat and the difficult march. At last, exhausted, we reached the quarantine area of Camp Merritt where we turned in and waited our turn in the "Sanitary Process"—in other words, the delouser. About 4 o'clock the next morning we took a cootie bath, had physical examination, and turned in all of our

O. D. clothing and received khaki "boy scout" uniforms. There was a rule that men from northern states, were to receive O. D. woolen and those from southern states, khaki cotton uniforms. Ohio, Pennsylvania and Indiana were classed as southern states. A military system even ignores geography. Several of the men bought themselves O. D. serge uniforms and garrison shoes rather than go about looking like boy scouts. A picture of the Battery was taken out almost a dozen men were not present and so their smiles are not in the picture.

Then came the splitting up of the Battery. Men were assigned for discharge to the camp nearest their place of enlistment, so the Pennsylvania men, comprising about 50% of the Battery, were placed in one detachment to go to Camp Dix, N. J. This detachment was officially Battery E 323rd F. A., Captain Shem and Lieutenant Reese remaining with this part of the outfit. Other detachments were organized with this part of the outfit. Other detachments were organized for Camp Sherman and Camp Taylor. Men who were to be discharged at other points were transferred to casual companies, but 95% of the men went either to Dix, Sherman or Taylor.

We were moved into other quarters in Camp Merritt after being deloused for about the thousandth time, and all detachments were quartered together, pending orders to entrain for the various discharge camps. Life at Merritt was one continual round of pleasure, after what we had been going through. Passes were granted generously to New York, practically no formations were held, and the men were free to visit the various welfare houses and amusements located in the camp, which were numerous. Camp Merritt is a beautiful spot, located in the Highlands of New Jersey, and is a well-laid out, shady and comfortable Camp. Forty minutes from New York, with all its attractions for the returned soldier, the Camp is ideally located, and with the exception of W. H. Sanderbeck, our stay here was greatly enjoyed by the entire Battery. But those discharge papers were the uppermost subjects in our minds, and when orders came for us to depart, we were not sorry.

The Camp Dix detachment received their orders first, and left the afternoon of May 20th. Inasmuch as this detachment comprised Battery E, we will follow them through, because the procedure in all discharge camps were very similar.

This detachment arrived at Camp Dix late at night, and the men were immediately marched to their quarters. The officers and the Battery clerk stayed up all night transferring all the men to casual detachments with the indorsement "For Discharge" on their Service Records. What little Battery property remained on hand, such as records, typewriter, guidon and field desk were turned in, and Battery E, 323rd Field Artillery as an organization, ceased to exist.

This detachment was rather unfortunate as the entire 29th Division had arrived in Camp Dix just ahead of them, and were scheduled for discharge first. So after arrival, and again turning in miscellaneous clothing and doing the usual amount of work, seemingly necessary to a change of station, including a lot of fatigue and detail work, there was nothing to do but wait for the 29th to be discharged so our turn would come. Camp Dix was not such an attractive place as Camp Merritt—hardly a shade tree was to be seen, and the camp was built on one of New Jersey's barren stretches of sand, not far from Trenton. But this was the last stop before home, and that thought kept the spirits up.

In the meantime, the Camp Sherman detachment left Merritt on May 21st, arriving at Sherman on the 23rd and received final pay and discharge May

27th. The Camp Taylor outfit left Merritt on May 22nd and were discharged already. Even Captain Shem and Lieutenant Reese, the officers with the Dix detachment were discharged May 22nd and had left on the fastest train for their homes, while the 29th Division men were receiving their final pay and the coveted discharges.

But every long wait must end, and finally on May 29th, the long-awaited papers were handed out. There was the document stating that So and So was honorably discharged from the military service, and the final pay, which included the \$60 bonus and travel pay to the point of enlistment.

And no drowning man ever grasped the proverbial straw with a more eager clutch than the boys used in reaching for this sheaf of papers, which severed the ties between them and the military service of the United States.

We were out of the Army !!

POSTSCRIPT

THE RETURN TO CIVILIAN LIFE.

The change from civilian to soldier which took place when the citizen entered the army was a radical one and considerable time was required to perfect the raw recruit into a trained, well-disciplined soldier. The months spent in the army have produced new ideas in the minds of all the men who made up the fighting force.

No less radical is the change which again takes place when the soldier, broadened by his experiences and richer from his daily association with his comrades, after his honorable service with the army comes to a close, passes the threshold from the army back again into civil life.

The world will seem different and to him, will be different than it was when he left his profession or occupation and entered the service of his country. His ideas being changed will bring forth new interpretations of the life going on about him; his values of persons, things and events will be changed; his experiences he cannot lose, but, on the contrary they will grow more vivid and become more valuable with the passing of the years.

When one puts on the uniform of his country's army he assumes responsibilities which are new and full of meaning. When he takes it off after his service is over he resumes the obligations of a citizen which are of the highest importance. He then has the unimpeded power to use the forces which are at the disposal of all freemen to safeguard the best and highest interests of his country.

The future welfare of this great country as well as her present safety rests in the hands of her sons. While international problems are arising and demand settlement the needs of a strong national life are also pressing and will test the intelligence, courage, yea, the moral strength of every true American: to be proud of the past achievements of America; to be vigilant for her present safety; and to be jealous of her continued integrity. It is the civic duty of every loyal son to see that no harm comes to any American institution whether it be fundamental or incidental. The paramount issue, which was born with our nation's first breath and which will continue as long as she endures, is Americanism. In its final analysis Americanism is this: for Americans there is but one country—America; but one flag—the "Stars and Stripes" and but one allegiance—an undivided allegiance to America and her ensign.

The spirit of comradeship must continue among us. When we discuss the vital problems which will always arise; as we work together for the best interests of our common country above all others; as we achieve future victories over all the enemies of America, we must be united in our endeavors even as in the past we have been united in training, in battle, in hardships and in achievement.

APPENDIX A

MEMORANDUM FROM MAJOR FIBICH.

P. C. Second Battalion, 323rd Field Artillery
American Expeditionary Forces.

November 14th, 1918.

The Battalion Commander desires to express his sincere appreciation of the conduct of you men of the Second Battalion during the trying and difficult days of the past month and a half. The conditions under which you have worked were at times almost superhuman, yet, through it all you have exhibited extraordinary patience and endurance. There were moments when you were well-nigh exhausted ready to drop in the mud, your horses refusing to move forward and dropping in their tracks, and yet you pulled through it all. There were instances when some of the men should have been in the hospital and still you have held on; stuck to it—in other words, there have been no “Beats” or “Slackers” among you.

You have been censored by others, spurred on, rebuked and yet you have remained loyal. But let me assure you, frankly, that at this moment there are no better Artillerymen in our army. You are at least the equal of the best Battalion in France, today. You have proven it more than once; on the road, in camp and under fire. I say this, knowing well the full meaning of such a statement. I have served in one of the finest Brigades in the Army, and in certain instances you are far ahead of some of the units therein, for I have had a good opportunity to observe them closely. In your own Brigade there is no better Battalion than your own.

Let others, outsiders, think what they may desire, but remember that you belong to the Second Battalion. You have built up a feeling of comradeship amongst your own, a wholesome “esprit-de-corps.” By your own earnest co-operation you have built it up; then keep it, for it is a most valuable asset to an organization.

Take advantage of every possible opportunity to improve yourselves and your organizations; there is always a chance for further improvement. At the present time, you are undergoing certain training ordered by your superior officers and designed to bring your Organization up to the highest state of approved discipline and efficiency. Enter into all the exercises assigned with VIM, interest and earnest co-operation. I ask this of you, continue to obey your officers with the same cheerfulness that you have in the past. All the exercises designated are for your own welfare and will, I know, interest you. Give your officers and non-commissioned officers your earnest co-operation. Pay particular attention to your own personal neatness. A sharp and snappy salute is a marked characteristic of an excellent and disciplined soldier. All the training you are undergoing and all the suggestions to that effect, made to you by your officers, cannot help but make you marked gentlemen in the eyes of others.

I am sincerely proud of the Second Battalion and I know you men feel likewise. Keep up the good work and when we do establish “Die Wacht am Rhine” it will be because we had an undoubted right to the honor of having been selected for such a duty.

MICHAEL J. FIBICH, Captain,
Commanding Second Battalion,
323rd Field Artillery.

APPENDIX B

MEMORANDUM FROM GENERAL FLEMING

158th F. A. Brigade, A. E. F.

11th April, 1919.

MEMORANDUM:

1. The following letter received by the Brigade Commander from Brigadier General A. S. Fleming, is published for the information of the Brigade:

"Headquarters, 5th F. A. Brigade, American E. F. A. P. O. 745

4th April, 1919

From: Brigadier General A. S. Fleming, U. S. A.

To: Commanding General, 158th F. A. Brigade.

Subject: Commendation of Officers and Men of the 158th F. A. Brigade.

1. Because of my relief from duty with the 158th F. A. Brigade during my absence therefrom I was unable to publish an order relinquishing command of that Brigade.

2. Will you therefore please convey to all the members of the Brigade my great appreciation of their work and their accomplishments while I had the honor to command the Brigade.

3. In the training area the Brigade strove to complete its mastery of the technical details that would fit it to take its place at the front. According to the statements of the authorities of the training camp at Camp Coetquidan the Brigade surpassed all previous standards attained by the eight Brigades which had preceded it there, and established new records which have not since been equalled.

The Brigade received its baptism of fire on the 26th of September, 1918, in the Meuse-Argonne offensive and acquitted itself with entire credit. From the 8th to the 29th of October, 1918, the Brigade participated in all the engagements of the 17th French Army Corps north of Verdun and there earned the reputation of being one of the best fighting artillery Brigades in the A. E. F.

Upon the cessation of the activities of the 17th French Army Corps the Brigade was again attached to the 32nd Division and with the latter crossed the Meuse at Dun-sur-Meuse in pursuit of the retreating enemy. On the morning of the 11th of November, 1918, when news of the armistice reached it, all the regiments of the Brigade were in action, closer to the German frontier than any other artillery of the Allied armies north of Verdun.

On the march to the Rhine the Brigade earned the approbation of all and the commendations of the Corps and Division Commanders for its excellent marching, march discipline, and care of its animals. In the Coblenz Bridgehead, as part of the American Army of Occupation, the Brigade attained standards which later resulted in the high commendation of the Commander-in-Chief. These accomplishments resulted from a zeal and a devotion to duty which are beyond all praise, and would have been impossible without the loyal co-operation and untiring effort of both officers and enlisted men.

(Signed) A. S. FLEMING, Brigadier General, U. S. A."

By command of Brigadier General Craig:
A. L. Richmond, Major, F. A. Acting Adjutant.

APPENDIX C

FROM CAMP SHERMAN TO THE RHINE

1918

- June 2nd Left CAMP SHERMAN, Chillicothe, Ohio.
- June 5th Arrived at Camp Mills, Long Island.
- June 10th New York City, Philadelphia, Pa., where we went aboard "The Agapenor." Pulled out of the harbor at 1 p. m.
- June 12th New York Harbor.
- June 16th Halifax.
- June 28th Arrived at Birkenhead, England, where we disembarked.
- June 30th Winchester, Camp Winall Downs.
- July 3rd Southampton. Crossed channel to Le Havre on H. M. S. "Antrim."
- July 4th Rennes, Maure, where we billeted.
- July 5th Hiked to billeting area at Loheac.
- Aug. 18th Hiked to Camp Coetquidan, Artillery Range.
- Sept. 22nd Left Camp Coetquidan.
- Sept. 23rd Went through Melun, Sens, Joivigny, St. Rlorentine.
- Sept. 24th Arrived Revigny where we detrained.
- Sept. 25th Vaubecourt, Waly, Brizenax, Fouconcourt.
- Sept. 26th Bordoice, Aizeville, Vraincourt, first position in reserve.
- Sept. 27th Argonne Forest between Esnes and Avocourt in reserve.
- Oct. 4th Dombasle, Blercourt, Nixeville, Camp Gallieni.
- Oct. 7th Verdum, Meuse River.
- Oct. 8th First shot fired at 5 a. m. on east bank of Meuse at Cote Talou.
- Oct. 10th Champneuville, Samogneaux, Brabant. Second position near Consenvoye.
- Oct. 29th Relieved by 79th Division, left Brabant.
- Oct. 30th Vacherauville, Thierville, Nixeville, Boise de Ville.
- Oct. 31st Bellecourt, Avocourt, Montfaucon.
- Nov. 1st Bois de Montfaucon.
- Nov. 3rd Nantillois, Madeline Farm.
- Nov. 9th Cunel, Ancreville.
- Nov. 10th Dulcon, Dun Sur Meuse, Haraumont, Ecurey.
- Nov. 11th Ecurey. Armistice became effective 11 a. m.
- Nov. 16th Jametz.
- Nov. 17th Ham-les-St. Jean.
- Nov. 18th Went through Longuyon, billeted at Cosnes.
- Nov. 20th Crossed into Belgium at 11 a. m. Billeted at Guerlarge.
- Nov. 21st Luxembourg Border, cross at 10:10 a. m. Clemency, Fingig, Hierwingen, Garmich, Holzern, Mamer. Billeted at Kopstal.
- Nov. 22nd Bridel, Bebel danger, Wolferdange, Helmsange. Billeted at Imbringen.
- Nov. 23rd Bourgmeister, Graulmeister. Billeted at Beidweiler.
- Dec. 1st Altrier, Lauterborn, Echternach. Crossed Saar River into Germany at 12 noon. Irrel, Niederweiss. Billeted in Alsdorf.

- Dec. 2nd Wolfsfeld. Billeted at Messerich.
 Dec. 3rd Bitburg, Metterich, Dudeldorf, Pickliessem. Billeted in Gindorf.
 Dec. 5th Oberkail, Schwartzborn, Eichelhutte, Grosslittgen, Mander-
 scheid, Bleckhausen. Billeted in Udersdorf.
 Dec. 6th Weirsbach, Daun, Dockweiler, Dreis. Billeted in Kelburg.
 Dec. 7th Flecker Hunersback. Billeted in Boos.
 Dec. 9th Lind, Krenzwick. Billeted in Mayen.
 Dec. 10th Thor. Billeted in Krufft.
 Dec. 13th Plaidt, Wiessenthurm, Urmitz. Crossed Rhine at 2 p. m. in driv-
 ing rain. Engers, Weis. Billeted in Heimbach.
 Dec. 14th Gladbach, Anhausen. Billeted in Ruscheid.
 Dec. 15th Urbach-Uberdorf, settled down for the winter.

HOMEWARD BOUND

1919

- Left Urbach-Uberdorf shortly after noon. Engers, entrained.
 April 23rd Went through Trier, Metz, Pont-a-Mousson, Toul, Neufchateau,
 Bologne.
 April 24th Clemency, Bourges, Mehun, Gievres, Troyes.
 April 25th Le Mans, Laval, Rennes, ; first view of ocean at 4:30 p. m.
 April 26th Brest, arrived at 1 a. m. Camp Pontanezen, arriving at 4 a. m.
 May 5th Went aboard the "Von Steuben" at Brest at 12 noon. Left the
 harbor at 3 p. m.
 May 13th Arrived Pier No. 3 at Hoboken at 11:30 a. m. and arrived at
 Camp Merritt at 11 p. m.
 May 20th Left Camp Merritt in detachments for Camp Dix, Camp Taylor,
 Camp Grant and Camp Sherman for discharge.

APPENDIX D

GERMAN PROPAGANDA AT THE FRONT

Frequently while the war was going on enemy airplanes would fly over the American positions at various points along the line and drop literature designed to weaken the morale of our soldiers. These pamphlets proved to be boomerangs for the messages they contained made our men fight all the harder. The following is the full text of three of these pamphlets:

"NEVER SAY DIE!"

Don't die till you have to!

What business have you to die for France, for Alsace-Lorraine, or for England in France?

Isn't it better anyhow to live than to die, no matter for how "glorious" a cause? Isn't it better to live and come back to the old folks at home, than to rot in the shell holes and trenches of France?

You have had to hear many high faluting words about "liberty," humanity" and "making the world safe for democracy" but honest now, aren't these catch words merely sugar coating to the bitter pill of making you spend wretched months far from home? Do you really believe those German soldier boys in their faded grey uniforms on the other side of "No Mans Land" are hot on the trail of your liberties?

Just like you, they want the war to end with honor so they can go back to their home folks. All they want is a chance to live and let live.

And so, if it should happen to you to fall into their hands you will find that they will treat you fair enough on the principle of "live and let live." Why run any more chances than you have to, you might as well be a free boarder in Germany till the war is over. You don't want to die till you have to!

"HOW TO STOP THE WAR"

Do your part to put an end to the war! Put an end to your part of it. Stop fighting! That's the simplest way. You can do it, you soldiers, just stop fighting and the war will end of its own accord. You are not fighting for anything anyway. What does it matter to you who owns Metz or Strassburg, you never saw those towns nor knew the people in them, so what do you care about them? But there is a little town back home in little old United States you would like to see and if you keep on fighting here in the hope of getting a look at those old German fortresses you may never see home again.

The only way to stop the war is to stop fighting. That's easy. Just quit it and slip across "No Man's Land" and join the bunch that's taking it easy there waiting to be exchanged and taken home. There is no disgrace in that. That bunch of American prisoners will be welcomed just as warmly as you who stick it out in these infernal trenches. Get wise and get over the top.

There is nothing in the glory of keeping up the war. But think of the increasing taxes you will have to pay; the longer the war lasts the larger those taxes at home will be. Get wise and get over.

All the fine words about glory are rot. You haven't got any business fighting in France. You would be better be fighting the money trust at home instead of fighting your fellow soldiers in grey over here where it doesn't really matter two sticks to you how the war goes.

Your country needs you, your family needs you and you need your life for something better than being gassed, shot at, deafened by cannon shots and rendered unfit physically by the miserable life you must live here.

The tales they tell you of the cruelties of German prison camps are fairly tales. Of course you may not like being a prisoner of war but anything is better than this infernal place with no hope of escape except by being wounded after which you will only be sent back for another hole in your body.

Wake up and stop the war! You can if you want to. Your government does not mean to stop the war for years to come and the years are going to be long and dreary. You better come over while the going is good.

"WHAT ARE WE FIGHTING FOR?"

The German note:

The German Government requests the President of the United States of America to take in hand the restoration of peace, acquaint all belligerent States with this request, and invite them to send plenipotentiaries for the purpose of opening negotiations.

It accepts the programme set forth by the President of the United States in his Message to Congress on Jan. 8, 1918, and in his later pronouncements, especially his speech of Sept. 27, as a basis for peace negotiations.

With a view to avoiding further bloodshed, the German Government requests the immediate conclusion of an armistice on land and water and in the air. Berlin, October 4th, 1918.

(Signed) Max, Prince of Baden,
Imperial Chancellor.

Wilson's answer:

Department of State, October 8th, 1918.

Sir:—I have the honour to acknowledge on behalf of the President your Note of October 6 enclosing a communication from the German Government to the President and I am instructed by the President to request you to make the following communication to the Imperial German Government:

"Before making a reply to the request of the Imperial German Government and in order that the reply shall be as candid and straight forward as the momentous interest involved require, the President of the United States deems it necessary to assure himself of the exact meaning of the Note of the Imperial Chancellor.

"Does the Imperial Chancellor mean that the Imperial German Government accepts the terms laid down by the President in his address to Congress of the United States on the 8th of January last and in his subsequent addresses, and that its object in entering into discussions would be only to agree upon the practical details and their application.

"The President feels bound to say with regard to the suggestion of an armistice that he doesn't feel at liberty to propose cessation of arms to the Governments with which the Governments of the United States is associated against the Central Powers, so long as the armies of those Powers are upon their soil.

"The good faith of any discussion would manifestly depend upon the consent of the Central Powers immediately to withdraw their forces everywhere from the invaded territory.

"The President also feels that he is justified in asking whether the Imperial Chancellor is speaking merely for the constituted authorities of the Empire who have so far conducted the war. He deems answers to these questions vital from every point of view."

Accept, Sir, the renewed assurances of my high consideration.

Robert Lansing.

Germany's answer :

The German Government, replying to the questions of the President of the United States of America declares :

The German Government has accepted the terms laid down by the President in his address of the 8th January last, and in his subsequent addresses as the basis of a lasting peace of justice. Its object in entering into discussions would be only to agree upon practical details of the application of those terms.

The German Government assumes that the Governments with which the Government of the United States is associated also stand on the ground of President Wilson's pronouncements.

The German Government, in agreement with the Austrian-Hungarian Government, declares itself ready to comply with President Wilson's proposals for evacuation in order to bring about an armistice.

It leaves it to the President to effect the meeting of a mixed commission which would have to make the necessary arrangements for evacuation.

The present German Government, responsible for the peace step, has been formed by negotiations and in agreement with the majority of the "Reichstag."

The Imperial Chancellor, supported in each of his dealings by the will of this majority, speaks in the name of the German Government and of the German people.

Berlin, October 12th, 1918.

(Signed) Solf,
Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

Why are we still fighting?

APPENDIX E

ROSTER OF BATTERY E, 323rd FIELD ARTILLERY

Officers with Battery When Discharged

CaptainCarl A. Shem, 1081 Maple Cliff Dr., Lakewood, Ohio.
1st Lieut.....D. A. Glascock, 707 Green St., Crawfordsville, Ind.
2nd Lieut.....Joseph D. Reese, 1317 Green St., Massillon, Ohio.
2nd Lieut.....I. Heyward Peck, 25 Lawrence Ave., Flushing, N. Y.

Officers Formerly with Battery

CaptainS. A. Herrick—became Regimental Personnel Adjutant.
CaptainH. A. Archer—transfd. to 308th Ammunition Train.
CaptainPhil. B. Hasbrouck—became Battalion Adjutant.
1st Lieut.....Bruce Amidon—transfd. to F. A. R. R.
1st Lieut.....R. H. Platt—transfd. to Battery F.
CaptainH. A. Middleton—transfd. to U. S. A. for discharge.
1st Lieut.....E. A. Carr —transfd. to Battery C.
2nd Lieut.....John L. Davis—became Billeting Officer 32nd Div. H. Q.
2nd Lieut.....C. A. Hayes—transfd. to University in England
2nd Lieut.....Lowell Squires—severely wounded in action.

Enlisted Men

1st Sgt.....Loyd H. Pinkerton, Freedom, Pa.
Sup. Sgt.....Floyd D. Alcorn, Darlington, Beaver Co., Pa.
Mess Sgt.....Delbert E. Koah, 630 10th Ave., New Brighton, Pa.
Stable Sgt.....R. C. Cunningham, 3513 Bell Place, St. Louis, Mo.
Chief Mech.....William T. Irwin, 813 Fourth Ave., New Brighton, Pa.
SergeantAlvin J. Shelar, 512 Penn Ave., New Brighton, Pa.
SergeantJames P. Metheny, 311 Wayne Ave., Elwood City, Pa.
SergeantJoseph Walko, 641 Elm Lane, Ambridge, Pa.
SergeantE. C. Freed, 4722 Fifth Ave., Beaver Falls, Pa.
SergeantJames D. Dowdell, 1004 Fourth St., Beaver, Pa.
SergeantAlfred S McKnight, Westland, Pa.
SergeantFrank G. Wehagen, 3360 W. 84th St., Ambridge, Pa.
SergeantEdward B. Perry, West, Texas.
SergeantGeorge J. Young, General Delivery, Ambridge, Pa.
SergeantLewis Grubbs, R. F. D. No. 3, Uniontown, Pa.
CorporalJohn F. Bridwell, Box No. 18, New Bedford, Pa.
CorporalA. L. Carlin, No. 6 Hoffman Ave., Oil City, Pa.
CorporalChas. Carter, 914 Sherrick Road, Canton, Ohio.
CorporalJ. J. Donahue, 103 Sixth Ave., Rochester, Minn.
CorporalJas. H. Marquette, 310 Fourteenth St., Ambridge, Pa.
CorporalJames E. Garrett, R. F. D. No. 1, Freedom, Pa.
CorporalG. R. Gilmore, West Bridgewater, Pa.
CorporalJ. Laughlin, Wampum, Pa.
CorporalH. H. Laughlin, Wampum, Pa.
CorporalEarl H. McDade, Freedom, Pa.

CorporalL. R. Murphy, 537 12th Ave., New Brighton, Pa.
 Corporal*Ray O. Murphy, Homewodo, Pa.
 CorporalEd. S. Noggle, R. F. D. No. 2, New Galilee, Pa
 CorporalDavid S. Oliver, R. F. D. No. 2, Beaver Falls, Pa.
 CorporalHarry R. Parker, hicora, Pa.
 CorporalDominic Perry, Hillsville, Pa.
 CorporalW. E. Hughes, R. F. D. No. 2, New Castle, Pa.
 CorporalGuy W. Shingler, Freedom, Pa.
 CorporalJames C. Myers, 518 Lincoln Ave., Rochester, Pa.
 CorporalJames H. Stewart, 312 Harrison St., Wapakeneta, O.
 CorporalFranklin J. White, 2032 Dime Bank Bldg., Detroit, Mich.
 CorporalErnest G. Wideman, 163 Jefferson St., Marion, Ohio.
 CorporalA. H. Wilson, 717 16th St., Beaver Falls, Pa.
 CorporalShirl Wilson, 2845 E. Indiana St., Evansville, Ind.
 CorporalE. E. Roll, Freedom, Pa.
 BuglerJoseph Caputo, Freedom, Pa.
 BuglerReed Davis, Lola, Kentucky.
 BuglerAlbert D. Wolf, 15th St. Extension, Ambridge, Pa.
 MechanicsChas. E. Coane, 713 11th St., New Brighton, Pa.
 MechanicsChas. H. Storar, 631 Melrose Ave., Ambridge, Pa.
 MechanicsNevil F. Moore, East Fultonham, Ohio.
 HorseshoerChas. G. Mershimer, R. F. D. No. 6, New Castle, Pa
 SaddlerH. S. Cunningham, R. F. D. No. 1, New Galilee, Pa.
 HorseshoerZacharia F. Potter, 1401 4th Ave., Freedom, Pa.
 CookHerbert H. Bell, R. F. D. No. 2, New Brighton, Pa
 CookJohn Hoffmeier, 194 Kentucky Ave., Rochester, Pa.
 CookChas. Jolley, Freedom, Pa.
 CookH. J. Couch, 1814 3rd Ave., New Brighton, Pa.
 Private.....Talmadge L. Allen, Route No. 3, Box No. 1, Kuttawa, Ky.
 Private.....Rayno Antognozzi, 5078 East 71st St., Cleveland, Ohio.
 Private.....Arthur Anzio, 553 Penn Ave., Rochester, Pa.
 Private.....H. S. Atherton, R. R. No. 3, Livia, McLean Co., Ky.
 Private.....Carlie Barnes, Willow Tree, Ky.
 Private.....Isaac Beals, Calhoun, Kentucky.
 Private.....Filipo Bellacoma, 1976 East 124th St., Cleveland, Ohio.
 Private.....*Marvin E. Bennett, Sample, Bleckenridge, Kentucky.
 Private.....G. J. Bibelhauser, R. R. No. 4, Shively, Kentucky.
 Private.....Wm. S. Bissell, 198 Beaver St., Beaver, Pa.
 Private.....Ambrose Blevins, Wagersville, Kentucky.
 Private.....H. R. Blin, Elwood City, Pa.
 Private.....A. S. Boarman, Glnedale, Kentucky.
 Private.....L. C. Bowdish, 3826 Cress Rd., Kenwood Park, Iowa.
 Private.....Jesse P. Brooks, Glasgow, Ky.
 Private.....John A. Burk, West Bridgewater, Pa.
 Private.....Carl P. Burns, R. R. No. 4, New Castle, Pa.
 Private.....Frank Caffarelli, 1003 Ivanhoe Rd, Cleveland, Ohio.

Private.....Roy Cameron, 344 Francis St., New Castle, Pa.
 Private.....Colin Campbell, New Bedford, Pa.
 Private.....Mike Carano, Willis Street, Bedford, Ohio.
 Private.....A. A. Caruthers, R. D. No. 6, New Castle, Pa.
 Private.....Leroy Cavins, 125 Clay Avenue, Lexington, Ky.
 Private.....Toni Cicimurri, 826 Shart St., McKees Rocks, Pa.
 Private.....Fred L. Clark, Freedom, Pa.
 Private.....*John Dando, New Castle, Pa.
 Private.....Alvin Davis, Sonora, Kentucky.
 Private.....Hubert Davis, 214 Ash Street, Newark, Ohio.
 Private.....Harry L. Day, Box No. 46, Fultonham, Ohio.
 Private.....T. J. Devylder, Earlington, Ky.
 Private.....*E. E. Dickey, Gresham, Ohio.
 Private.....Wm. E. Dunning, R. R. No. 4, Dawson Springs, Ky.
 Private.....*Wm. S. Ebert, Jackson St. Extension, Rochester, Pa.
 Private.....John W. Evans, Ashland, Ky.
 Private.....S. J. Fairchild, Route No. 4, Olustee, Oklahoma.
 Private.....Antonio Ferrante, 2228 Wood Hill Rd., Cleveland, Ohio.
 Private.....Wm. H. Fink, 816 2nd St., E. Rochester, Pa.
 Private.....Elwin Fountain, R. D. No. 7, Mason, Michigan.
 Private.....James A. Fraser, Freedom, Pa.
 Private.....David Freed, Wampum, Pa.
 Private.....John Giamello, 126 2nd St., Woodvale, Johnstown, Pa.
 Private.....Ed. O. Giese, West Pittsburgh, Pa.
 Private.....Joseph Giglio, 633 Glenwood Ave., Ambridge, Pa.
 Private.....Clarence Gilmore, 517 E. Broadway, Alliance, Ohio.
 Private.....*Geo. E. Glock, 230 Ten House Row, Ellwood City, Pa.
 Private.....Ross Graham, Nebo, Kentucky.
 Private.....John E. Greenwall, Hernando, Miss.
 Private.....H. C. Grossman, R. F. D. No. 4, West Sunbury, Pa.
 Private.....J. E. Hagemann, 604 Melrose Ave., Ambridge, Pa.
 Private.....Marvyn Hallam, 1615 6th Ave., Beaver Falls, Pa.
 Private.....Frank L. Hand, Roseville, Ohio.
 Private.....H. L. Hartzel, Ellwood City, Pa.
 Private.....Wayman Hatten, Pritchard, West Va.
 Private.....C. A. Heidman, 830 Haines Ave., Alliance, Ohio.
 Private.....R. E. Hendren, Macksville, Ky.
 Private.....Jas. T. Howley, 318 Shenango St., New Castle, Pa.
 Private.....H. Hutzleman, 516 Dandridge St., Cincinnati, Ohio.
 Private.....L. F. James, 1345 6th Ave., New Brighton, Pa.
 Private.....Jan Janus, 2516 Grace St., So. Bend, Indiana.
 Private.....John Jolley, 45 6th Ave., Freedom, Pa.
 Private.....Joseph Kagsmarck, 822 S. Harris St., So. Bend, Indiana.
 Private.....John Kane, R. F. D. No. 1, Freedom, Pa.
 Private.....Joseph Ketler, R. D. No. 4, Volant, Pa.
 Private.....*Andrew Lewchuk, 250 Fuller St., E., Akron, Ohio.

Private.....H. F. Lindsey, Providence, Kentucky.
Private.....C. N. Lotz, 477 Jackson St., Rochester, Pa.
Private.....Jas. E. Lutz, R. F. D. No. 2, New Galilee, Pa.
Private.....Andrew Luy, R. F. D. No. 10, Station M, Norwood, Ohio.
Private.....H. S. McDanel, R. F. D. No. 2, New Galilee, Pa.
Private.....*Geo. McArthur, 911 Minneapolis Ave., Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.
Private.....*L. L. Main, Elwood City, Pa.
Private.....C. W. Martin, Hubbard, Ohio.
Private.....Fred Martin, 833 12th St., New Brighton, Pa.
Private.....Joseph Matela, 2121 W. Linden St., So. Bend, Indiana.
Private.....D. R. Means, Ashcraft Ave., Paducah, Kentucky.
Private.....J. B. Miller, 614 5th St., New Brighton, Pa.
Private.....*Biaso Monocchio, 1008 Frank Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.
Private.....H. L. Morgan, Pine Hill, Ala.
Private.....*Chas. D. Morrell, 2224 Cleveland Ave., Canton, Ohio.
Private.....G. G. Morris, 805 Court Street, Portsmouth, Ohio.
Private.....Chas. D. Morrow, 716 10th Ave., New Brighton, Pa.
Private.....C. L. Moss, 5 Elm St., Carnegie, Pa.
Private.....*W. E. Murphy, Canton, Ohio.
Private.....A. F. Nelson, R. F. D. No. 2, Volant, Pa.
Private.....Pasquale Pallazza, 10625 Arthur Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.
Private.....F. V. Pepper 431 W. 7th St., Hopkinsville, Ky.
Private.....Louis Piazza, care Jos. Denuzio Fruit Co., Louisville, Ky.
Private.....*Jeremiah Powers, Conway, Pa.
Private.....*Jas. V. Price, 2405 Slevin St., Louisville, Ky.
Private.....Seth Rhoades, oRute No. 5, Hartford, Ky.
Private.....J. J. Ridel, Jr., 3888 E. 43rd St., Cleveland, Ohio.
Private.....Frank Rodgers, Box 415, Houston, Pa.
Private.....*John Rozsa, 1019 W. Jefferson St., So. Bend, Ind.
Private.....Tonie Sadda, 57 Fields Ave., Hammond, Indiana.
Private.....Van W. Sanders, Sanders, Ky.
Private.....John A. Sanderbeck, 501 College Ave., Beaver, Pa.
Private.....William H. Sanderbeck, Freedom, Pa.
Private.....S. S. Schoffner, Basil, Ohio.
Private.....Wm. E. Schroeder, Box No. 61, R. R. No. 1, Watertown, Wis.
Private.....Claude E. Silcott, R. D. No. 1, Lucasville, Ohio.
Private.....Bronislaw Silkowski, 4238 Thorpe Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Private.....*Adam Siminiak, So. Bend, Indiana.
Private.....John Siwoski, 1172 Columbia Ave., Hammond, Indiana.
Private.....Dan Smith, Boaz, Kentucky.
Private.....Kostas Stamatko, 6006 Longfellow Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.
Private.....Martin Stratche, 128 First St., Ambridge, Pa.
Private.....Geo. Strippel, 9109 Wade Park Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.
Private.....*Robert Stubbs, Love City, Ohio.
Private.....*Doc Swoggers, 23 E. Miller Street, Akron, Ohio.

Private.....Frances Swoggers, R. F. D. No. 2, New Galilee, Pa.
 Private.....Bruno Trussone, 813 Second St., Ellwood City, Pa.
 Private.....Joseph Tuzzio, Box No. 313, Rochester, Pa.
 Private.....Harry E. Veneer, 1301 Mount St., Portsmouth, Ohio.
 Private.....Leopoldo Verzilli, Hillsville, Pa.
 Private.....Albert Vincelli, 1965 Major Ave., Salt Lake City, Utah.
 Private.....*E. A. Vincent, Lynches Mines, West Va.
 Private.....Thos. A. Wakefield, 304 Adams St., Rochester, Pa.
 Private.....Louis Walker, 200 Fifth Ave., Freedom, Pa.
 Private.....Fred Weaver, Petersburg, Mich.
 Private.....R. W. Weaver, 121 South St., Nazareth, Pa.
 Private.....E. T. White, R. F. D. No. 4, New Castle, Pa.
 Private.....Jacob White, Dresden, Ohio
 Private.....Milton J. Wikoff, 1402 12th St., Portsmouth, Ohio.
 Private.....Harold E. Wood, Freedom, Pa.
 Private.....A. C. Zimmerman, 1619 4th Ave., Beaver Falls, Pa.
 Private.....Joseph Zinniel, 2114 Fourth St., Minneapolis, Minn.

*Names starred are men whose addresses are the last addresses given, but
 whom we have been unable to locate.

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: MAY 2001

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